

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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TALE OF A CORONATION PROGRAMME

The Day When Everything Went Wrong

It is expected that millions of copies will be sold of the official Coronation Programme in aid of King George's Jubilee Trust, and its launching reminds us of the story of an official coronation programme in aid of Edward the Seventh's Hospital Fund. The story has not been told before, though it was one of the small sensations of Fleet Street.

King Edward was enthusiastically interested, for the Fund was dear to his heart, and Court officials were eager in helping. Many were the meetings between one whom we will call X and the Duke of Norfolk (father of the present Earl Marshal), with Church dignitaries, lesser officials at St James's Palace, and the staff of the Master of the Horse at Buckingham Palace Mews.

Cause of the Trouble

As the guests began to arrive from abroad each was assigned a place in coach or carriage for the procession. At last X received what seemed the plan in its final perfect form. So, with an ode by the Poet Laureate (which in itself nearly met with disaster, owing to bad scanning by the poet), with many beautiful illustrations, with descriptive letterpress, and with its vast array of names, the programme was handed to the printers. Proofs were sent as an act of courtesy to the newspapers, which quoted liberally from them.

It was this newspaper publication which led to the trouble. Immediately after publication editors were informed that the programme was inaccurate and unauthorised!

What had happened was that, without warning X, an official had filled in certain gaps with imaginary names, intending to substitute the real names when the last doubts were dispelled. Thus the supposedly final list was premature; skeleton names remained in a few of the carriages where those of actual persons should have been given.

An Atmosphere of Anxiety

In his telegram to the papers the official had meant it to be understood that some of the names were incorrect and their mention unauthorised, but the newspapers inferred that the entire programme was unauthorised.

Down to Windsor Castle went X to lay the matter before King Edward. With a great company of guests the King had gone to Ascot, and X, after a long conference with Sir Francis Knollys, awaited his coming. When, late in the afternoon, the King returned, the Castle seemed charged with an atmosphere of anxiety which grew to tense alarm when, early in the evening, Sir Frederick Treves, the famous surgeon, arrived in company with another eminent doctor, and went at once to see King Edward.

The King did not join his guests at dinner; the evening meal of Sir Francis was set on a tray in his little office. He came down toward ten o'clock with the unnerving knowledge that the King was gravely ill, threatened with appendicitis.

Yet, shaken and prostrate as he was, the King allowed Sir Francis to discuss the threatened programme with him, and commanded him to do everything possible to repair the mischief, to save the fortunes of the publication, and so

secure an enrichment of his cherished Fund; he even had a thought for the unfortunate position of X.

With his food still untasted, Sir Francis waited while X drafted a telegram for the newspapers. This he read, approved, and signed, and away it went to London, assuring the Press that the publication, in spite of certain inaccuracies which would be corrected, had the sanction of the King.

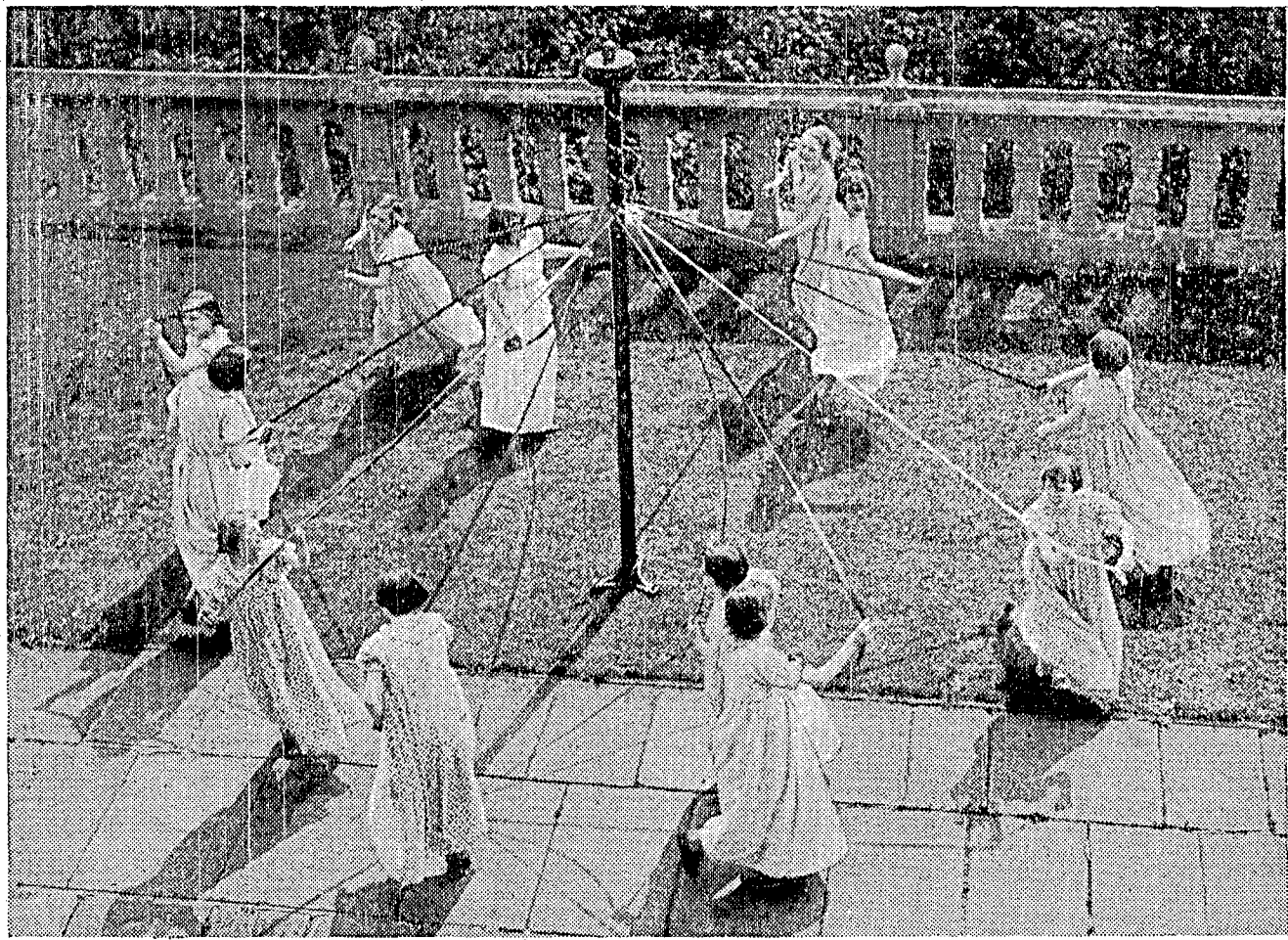
Alas, the effort was fruitless. Suddenly the world was horrified to learn that the

King was to have an operation which, widely known and practised since that day, was then new, and terrible in its suggestion to a grief-stricken nation.

The next day stacks of the ill-fated programme were loaded into lorries, and sent away to be pulped and converted into fresh paper. Only the review copies were ever seen; the rest were destroyed.

When the Coronation took place, two months later, there was no official programme, and no contribution to the Fund cherished by King Edward.

In the Merry Month of May



THE CROWNING OF KING WILLOW

CRICKET, like the cuckoo and the summer, is y-cumen in. The Test team is back from Australia. The first century has been made.

This cricket season will be one of stock-taking in preparation for the visit of the Australians next year. But the New Zealanders will be with us to give our batsmen and bowlers a trial run. We may deal with them first.

New Zealand's best bat is J. L. Kerr of Canterbury, the home of the Canterbury lamb. He scored three centuries against the visiting M.C.C. team in the Antipodean summer before last. M. L. Page, who captains the eleven, is a sound and stylish bat, W. N. Carson a hard-hitting left-hander, and J. R. Lamason another forcing batsman. On these, with H. G. Vivian, left-hander, and the

team's best all-rounder, they will most depend for runs. But as backing they will have E. W. Tindill, a good wicket-keeper, who came over here with the last All Blacks Rugby team; A. W. Roberts, an old Test player; and M. W. Wallace, the best of the youngsters.

Their bowlers are rather an unknown quantity, but J. Cowie is a promising fast bowler, and they have in Roberts a good fast medium, and two left-handed slow bowlers in N. H. Gallichan and H. G. Vivian. It is an alert fielding eleven, but if English wickets this summer are hard and dry they will have their work cut out to keep down runs.

This, as last, ought to be a season of ups and downs. Kent led in the championship race till halfway through last summer, and then faded away. York-

shire failed, and Lancashire's stubbornness brought them no reward. Notts was the bowling county, with Voce, and with Larwood still a power, but their batting was not good enough, and it was left to Derbyshire to win the championship—their first for over a generation.

Derbyshire will make a great effort to keep their laurels. They have Copson back from Australia and T. B. Mitchell, one of the better spinners, to bowl, with Pope, Townsend, and Worthington to help. Worthington may be able to show himself a better bat than he was in Australia, and Townsend is a pillar of strength.

Yorkshire will be their doughtiest rivals. They will have Leyland to bat, and Verity to bowl, with Bowes and

Continued on page 2

LONDON WITHOUT ITS BUSES

What It Is All About THE PASSENGER PAYS

London has been thrown into confusion by the great bus strike on the eve of the Coronation.

The busmen being so popular with the public, such an event has created intense disappointment among the long-suffering and hard-working people of London. It is not to be doubted that the busmen can obtain justice in any claim they may have against the Transport Board, but they are idle even as a Board of Enquiry is sitting at the Guildhall. The men declare that the strain of their work is too great for them and ask for their working day to be shortened by half an hour. This would give them a 7½-hour day with 5½ hours of actual working and the Transport Board declares that it cannot afford it.

It is well that we should understand the facts on which the trouble rests.

Busmen are public servants. A large part of city life depends on their performance of their duty. It is a very serious thing, therefore, when busmen are in dispute with their immediate employers.

The Real Employers

We say *immediate* employers because the real employers of busmen are the public. If we take the case of London, the buses, tubes, and trams are in the care of a public authority, the London Transport Board. This body pays small interest on its capital, and publishes a full balance-sheet.

When, therefore, the busmen or other employees ask for more wages (or, as in this case, for shorter hours which will cost £500,000 a year) we can tell at once whether the fares received provide a fund big enough to enable the Board to meet the demand.

We also see clearly that, if the fares do not meet a call for better labour conditions, that does not end the argument. The public form the final court of appeal in the matter.

If busmen can show that they deserve to have more wages or shorter hours, and if existing fares do not provide the money required for the purpose, the public are faced with a call upon them to consent to increased fares.

Of National Importance

It is an issue which cannot be evaded. London employs, through a public board, a body of men to run its buses. It has no right either to underpay or overwork them or to put them in a specially privileged position. Most of the people who travel by bus work for wages themselves, and, while they have no right to obtain cheap fares by underpaying the busmen, the busmen have no right to make other wage-earners pay them more than they themselves receive.

The issue is of national importance. *Bus Wages come out of Bus Fares.*

The average earnings of London bus drivers and conductors are not low. The driver's average weekly wage is £4 14s and the conductor's is £4 7s. The majority, that is to say, earn more than the average bus passenger. The hours are short. Including all waiting about the average is 8 hours and 3 minutes a day, while the hours actually working on the buses are only six. Other advantages are: Free uniforms; two weeks holiday with pay; and pensions.

HAVE YOU

bought two copies (one for a friend abroad and one for yourself) of the C.N. Coronation Extra?

Send Him Victorious

A Crime Against All Peoples

Guernica, the ancient capital of the Basques, is destroyed, its houses burnt, its people fled or dead among the ruins.

If this was the work of the bombing squadrons of General Mola, who was attacking it on his way to Bilbao, it was, in the words of Lord Cecil, one of the most horrible things ever done.

It has been denied by General Franco, the rebel commander advancing on Bilbao, that he was responsible for this appalling outrage against all the laws of civilisation and humanity. It is difficult to believe him. A Roman Catholic priest declares that the sky was black with planes. Whatever happened, or however it happened, the fact remains that a helpless town and its unresisting people have been the victims of a brutal fury. If this can happen in Spain it can happen anywhere. It can happen in England.

In the interest of all civilised peoples the truth must be laid bare, and the destroyers of Guernica denounced by the whole world, in the world's own interest. The only way to prevent a repetition of the outrage is to stop the war.

Those who by their action have lent to those taking part in it the weapons by which such deeds are committed have a terrible responsibility. They should take it no longer.

EAT MORE SUGAR

One More World Agreement

The peoples of the world are to be encouraged to eat more sweet things.

This decision has been reached at the International Sugar Conference which has given fair play to all. It is also proposed that a controlling body should be set up and that during the next two years exporting countries should not make full use of the sugar export quotas allotted to them. These export quotas, however, will be big enough to ensure that the price of sugar to consumers will not be unduly forced up. The international agreement will be for five years.

KING WILLOW

Continued from page 1

Smiles to back him. Sutcliffe is not yet on the shelf as a Number One bat, and he has Mitchell to go in with him first wicket. Young N. W. Yardley, Hutton, and A. B. Sellers, the captain, will make a good middle for the batting.

Kent have lost Freeman, Chapman, and probably Fagg, but they have Ames and Valentine and some good youngsters. Middlesex will have an eleven always likely to give the visitor to Lord's a run for his money, with Patsy Hendren, J. H. Human, Price, Hulme, and Compton to bat, and Robins, Sims, and Peebles to bowl. Compton is an oncomer.

Gloucestershire have Hammond, the best bat on this side of the world, with Barnett, who showed how good he was on the other. Sinfield and Goddard will be a help as bats, but the county is short of bowlers. Notts, already mentioned, still have Larwood and Voce. Hardstaff and Keeton are the mainstay of the batting, and the side has an inspiring captain in Heane.

Surrey has a strong batting side on paper, and D. J. Knight is coming to support E. R. T. Holmes, Barling, Sandham, and Fishlock. The bowling is stronger than it has been for some time.

Essex has a fine team of triers with L. G. Crawley, Nichols, J. W. A. Stephenson, O'Connor, and K. Farnes when he can spare the time. These players, with Wyatt from Warwick, the Langridges of Sussex, and Gimblett, the hitter of Somerset, will all be worth watching.

BATTLESHIP SUNK BY A BOMB

Dramatic Stroke in the Spanish War

The aeroplanes of the Basque Government have succeeded in sinking a battleship of 15,000 tons and proving all naval theories to be wrong.

The vessel was the Espana, General Franco's only battleship. She had ordered a British ship not to approach Santander, the port to which she was carrying iron ore, and the British captain called for help, which quickly came from shore, five aeroplanes swooping over the Espana and dropping bombs on her. One bomb penetrated her magazine, and so terrific was the damage that the warship sank in less than an hour.

A destroyer saved the officers, and, it is said, some Italian and German advisers on board, but about 600 of the crew are said to have perished. Among the wreckage picked up were cuttings from German newspapers, and the Basque authorities declare that German gunners were on board the Espana.

HISTORY IN THE POTATO

Probably few of us were aware of it, but there was a potato shortage in our midst earlier in the year.

Under the Government marketing scheme growers are told how many acres they should plant; by exceeding the maximum appointed they grow more potatoes than the market can absorb and so cause such a reduction in price as to make the crop a loss to the farmers. To prevent this a fine of £5 an acre is levied for excess acreage grown.

Last year farmers did not plant all the land they might have done, so in March there was a shortage of supplies. In earlier days that would have been serious to us, for the loss could not have been made good, but supplies came in from the Continent, prices were kept stable, and we all had enough.

Very different was it when the potato crop failed in Ireland less than sixty years ago. Great numbers of peasants were reduced to starvation. A Mansion House Fund raised £150,000; but so heavy was the blow that Ireland suffered another heavy drain on its population, its people pouring across the Atlantic never to return to the beautiful land which had failed to feed them.

MAKING FRIENDS WITH A BAT

Superstitious people who stupidly believe it unlucky to handle a bat may be interested to know that a keeper is nightly handling three of these little creatures at the Zoo.

They are common English bats, which, removed from freedom, have been too frightened to eat, and have to be persuaded to take food by having it pressed against their mouths. They are thriving on the treatment, and will soon feed from the food put in their cage.

Bats can be tamed and made companionable. One used to fly free in its master's room and greet his entry with piping shrieks of delight. If not taken up at once it would climb his clothes, nuzzle him with its head, lick his hands, and then hang itself on his chair.

AN APOLOGY TO THE OLD VIC

The C.N. wishes to make amends to the Old Vic for ascribing the criticism of Julius Caesar by Miss Joan Taylor to a performance in that excellent theatre. The performance which proved such a disappointment to this young enthusiast took place at another theatre in London.

When the Old Vic presents Julius Caesar we hope Joan Taylor will be there. She will witness a Shakespeare play as it should be performed.

ALL OUR COAL TO BELONG TO US

The State To Buy It

All the coal in this country is in future to be owned by the State.

The Government has announced that it is to pay £66,450,000 to the owners, whose average income from royalties (as the sums paid to them for the coal mined are called) has amounted to £4,430,000 a year. This decision does not directly affect the mining companies, except that they will in future pay the State instead of private people or bodies like the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

The income of the Church of England from these royalties has been the biggest sum of all, £300,000 a year.

It is an extraordinary situation that will now arise, for the coal will belong to the nation, while the only means to get it will be through somebody else's mines.

ARE THINGS GETTING BETTER?

By the Chancellor of the Exchequer

If only we could find some way of removing that fear of attack from somewhere else which is almost universal, and which yet may rest on nothing more solid than imagination, the nations of the world might joyfully return to the ways of peace and the building up of their own happiness and prosperity instead of devoting themselves to the means of destroying one another.

When I scan the international horizon today it seems to me that, in spite of certain still-threatening clouds, there is a very definite and perceptible lightening.

SAVING AN OLD FRIEND

Ten pounds is needed to buy back one of our old war horses from Flanders, and a generous reader in Port Elizabeth has sent us half that amount.

Will anyone send the other half for us to forward to Our Dumb Friends League, which is organising this campaign to save these old warriors from slavery?

The officials of this League know of many horses now much too old for the work which is put on them.

TWO NATIONS PULL DOWN A FENCE

Ever since 1920 thick barriers of barbed wire have guarded the frontier between Jugo-Slavia and Bulgaria.

Lately the Jugo-Slav frontier authorities decided to remove them. So pleased were the people in the frontier districts on either side that they would not wait for the barbed wire to be taken away; as soon as they heard of the decision they destroyed the ugly barrier to friendship between the two nations.

THINGS SEEN

London streets jammed with traffic with not one bus to be seen.

A motorist holding up traffic by filling up with petrol on Westminster Bridge.

(From a C.N. window)

A ten-year-old sent back by her mother to pick up a ticket she had thrown down on leaving a tram.

THINGS SAID

The wonderful recovery in Australia is due to the courage with which the man on the land stuck to his job.

Agent-General for West Australia

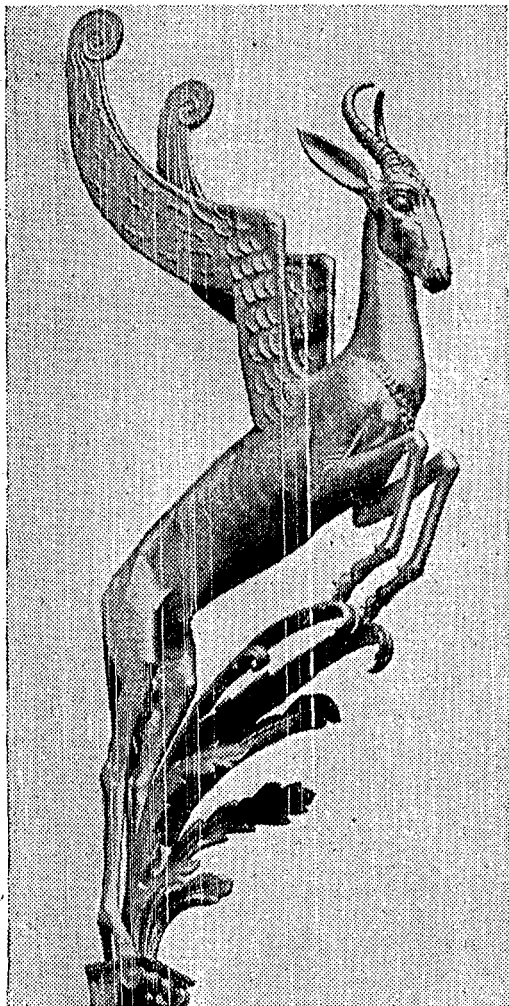
The individual has only one choice: he must bend or break. Herr Hitler

The man who doesn't use his legs is on his way to Harley-street.

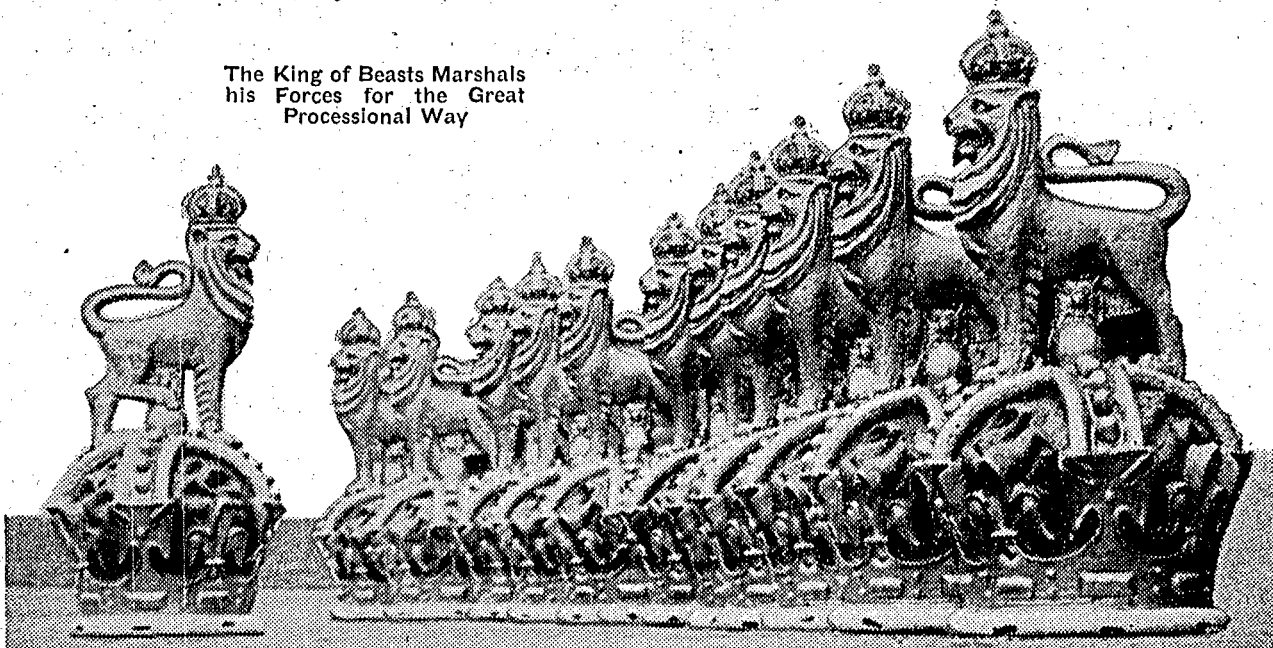
Sir George Tilley

Our common life would be poorer without the grace and colour with which artists endow it. Lord Snell

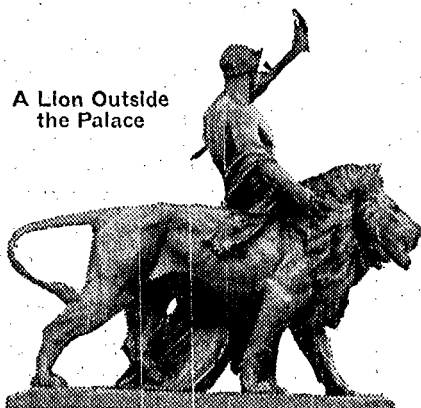
The Animal Kingdom Waiting For a King



The Golden Springbok of Charing Cross



The King of Beasts Marshals his Forces for the Great Processional Way



A Lion Outside the Palace



A Sea Horse at the Old Admiralty Gate



An Elephant on the Abbey Annexe



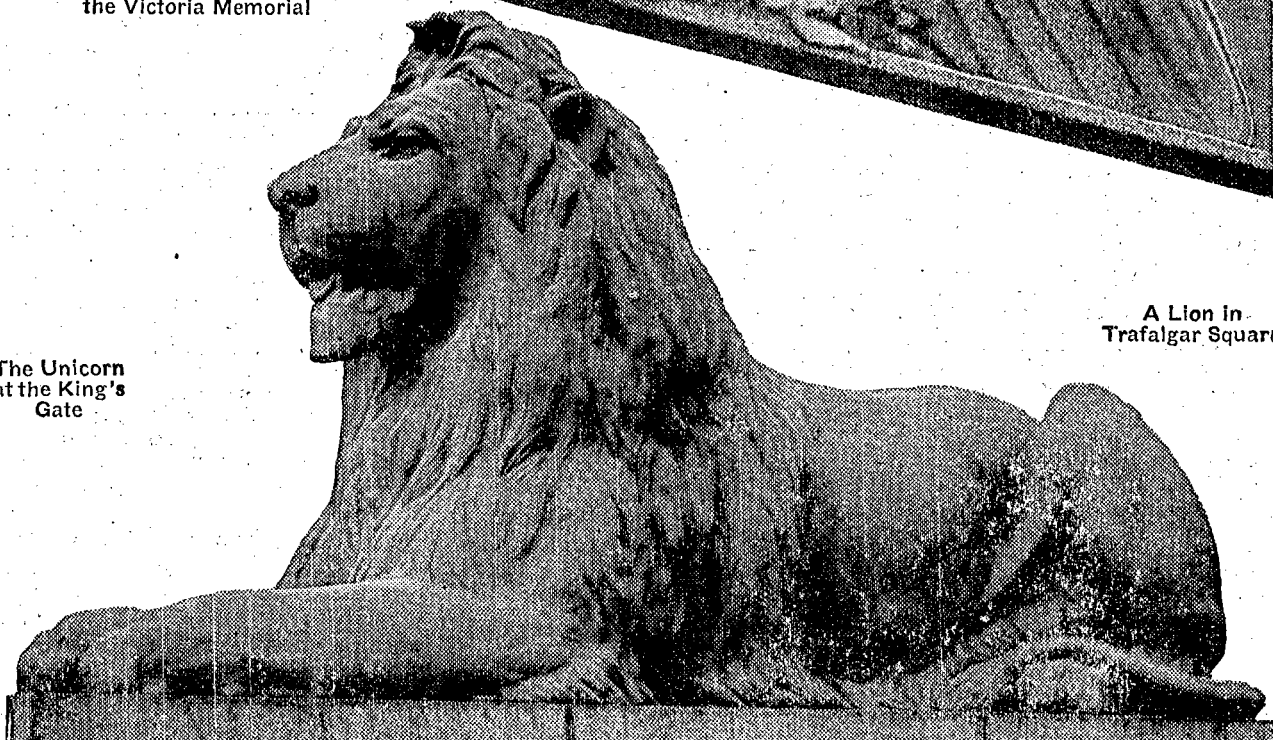
A Leopard in the Mall



An Eagle looking down the Mall from the Victoria Memorial



The Unicorn at the King's Gate



A Lion in Trafalgar Square

Millions of people will watch the King riding through London in his Crown, and there will be hundreds of animals also looking down on the six miles of the Coronation route. Some of these queer creatures are covered up, but we have found this little zoo in wood and stone and bronze left free to join the spectators of the greatest procession London has ever seen.

CORONATION ACADEMY

Children and Landscapes GEORGE THE FIFTH ON HIS PONY

While all the rest of the world hangs out its bunting for the Coronation, the Royal Academy hangs its pictures on the walls of Burlington House.

It is a handsome display, and it seems to be all the handsomer for Coronation Year. No great artist has sent a picture of the year, but taken altogether the paintings and the sculpture are of a higher order of merit than usual, and there is a notable absence of freakish efforts, for which we must be thankful.

What may strike the visitor first and most is the large number of pictures of children, and pictures any child can understand. They begin in the first



Princess Elizabeth Dr E. J. Dillon
Youth and Age — Busts at the Academy

gallery with Francis Dodd's Roundabout, and no gallery after is without one or two. We liked as well as any David Buchanan's amusing subject of the little girls standing on the edge of a crowd and talking at the top of their voices. He calls it Public Speech. Then there are James Cowie's Two Schoolgirls of Scotland, who are so solemn; Hilda Harvey's Holidays, and Anna Airy's Blackberry Harvest. Needless to say, vast numbers of portraits are added to this Children's Garland, but the crown of them all is not a painting, but the sculptured head of Princess Elizabeth. The sculptor is Zsigmond de Strobl.

A Famous Journalist

The sculpture this year is not overpowering in size, but excellent in its portraiture. A contrast to Princess Elizabeth's childish features is that of the head of Dr E. J. Dillon, grave, thoughtful, and serene, an excellent piece of work by another foreign sculptor, an Austrian lady, Catherine Varesine, who knew this famous journalist in Italy. He was a good friend of the C.N., and in the days before the war was the best-known journalist on the Continent.

Other sculpture we noted was the head by Sir William Reynolds-Stephens of Sir Bernard Partridge, who draws the cartoons in Punch, and that by George Paulin of Sydney Lee, whose paintings of rock and crag are to be seen here.

There is one picture of pathetic interest to which we think all eyes will be drawn. It is that of King George the Fifth painted by Alfred Munnings, showing the King on his white pony Jock in the woodlands of Sandringham. Jock is still there, peacefully growing old.

Scenes in Old England

One of the attractions hardly ever missing from any Academy is that of the landscapes and the paintings of bits of old England, or familiar scenes in it. Oliver Hall's Sulgrave Church is one of these, Bernard Priestman's On the Way to Wuthering Heights is another; Barnet Fair and Stamford Bridge at Chelsea may also be included.

Besides all these there are the paintings which all will look for as pictures to talk about. In addition to the fine art of Russell Flint as displayed in many graceful groups, there will be Dame Laura Knight's Palladium, and George Belcher's two most amusing paintings of Brother Petch sitting at his ease and of the charwoman gloating over the contents of her bag.

A VERY GALLANT GENTLEMAN

The Man Who Did What He Could

When an Australian air-liner which disappeared last February was found wrecked on the MacPherson ranges of Queensland the C.N. told the strange story of the rescue of two survivors, Mr Proud and Mr Binstead of Sydney, who were at their last gasp.

They had been there nine days, and the number who had escaped from the burning wreck of the plane had been three; but the third, Mr J. G. Westray of London, had left them to seek help.

The tale of the heroic endeavour which ended in his death has now been told. He left the plane with his back badly burned, and made his way down a gorge of the mountain, unknowing or unmindful of his peril. He scrambled, torn and bleeding, on a trackless descent such as no bushman would willingly undertake.

Waiting for the End

He climbed down through streams, over fallen trees, through masses of clinging creepers, and he must have so travelled for hours. At the last he fell over a 25-foot waterfall, half blinding himself and fracturing his wrist; but he went on, though his strength was ebbing fast, and when he could go no farther he sat down on a rock and waited for the end.

There he was found by a search party of bushmen; and near there is his grave.

Few finer deeds have been done than this by an Englishman, who was a visitor for a few weeks in the land where death met him, but who truly gave his life in the gallant endeavour to help his companions.

THE BTC AND THE LCC Berlin and London Shake Hands

There is to be a particularly happy exchange of visits between British and German children this year.

The Berlin Town Council and the London County Council have fixed it up.

In July a hundred Berlin children will come here and stay at the homes of English children, who will in turn be entertained in Germany.

German children have arranged similar exchanges with America, Italy, France, and other countries.

We hope all our educational authorities will interest themselves in so fruitful a movement. At present it is a small thing, and we ought not to be satisfied until hundreds of thousands of such friendly exchanges have become a commonplace.

FREE TRADE FOR THESE We Cannot Do Without Them

We are no longer a Free Trade country, and it is difficult to realise many of the minor disadvantages of Protection.

The Board of Trade gives notice that applications have been received to import free of duty the following articles:

A Leitz optical dilatometer, having provision for testing metals and alloys either in a vacuum or a gaseous atmosphere.

A tool-maker's microscope; a vertical comparator, optical type; and an optical dividing head incorporating a reading microscope.

An electric gauging instrument for measuring and recording at regular intervals the thickness of strips of paper of limited length.

Before licensing their importation, the Board has to advertise the applications to make sure that such instruments are not made here!

LIVES BUSY BEFORE MAN'S

The Oldest Civilisation on the Earth

Although they perform wonders baffling to human ingenuity, ants do not write to the papers, or the author of a recent leading article in The Times would be sorely rebuked.

While paying tribute to their skill and industry, he says ants cannot be happy because they never have any recreation.

What ants cannot state for themselves on the subject many great naturalists have stated for them. There is agreement that ants do rest from their labours to enjoy leisure for fun and frolic. They have been closely watched in many lands as they leap and wrestle, caress one another with their antennae, engage in mock combats, and play hide and seek.

Ants at Play

Our own countryman John Gould was the first to recognise the play of English ants. Huber, the Swiss scientist, described the games of the ants of his native land. Auguste Forel, disbelieving in such wonders, found to his astonishment that French ants delight in play. Henry Bates was startled to see ants engaged in exercises which were unmistakable play, reminding him of children at their sports.

It is held by men of science that there cannot be play and make-believe without a measure of imagination, of real thought, so, as ants really do indulge in games involving sham and pretence, they reveal a faculty which is considered to exalt them higher in the scale of intelligence than do all the marvels of the organisation and individual performance of their daily lives and duties.

From Solomon's day to ours men have been writing of the wonders of ant life, but it has been left to scientists of the present day to reveal perhaps the

This Royal Throne of Kings

The Famous Story of a Wooden Chair

See the C.N. Coronation Extra

SEND HIM VICTORIOUS

most startling fact of all, and that is the antiquity of the ant and its civilisation.

The ants we find in amber are sometimes millions of years old, and close examination of them shows that these tiny prisoners are the same structurally as the ants of today. Human civilisation is bounded by scores of thousands of years, from the earliest signs of concerted effort to the highest; and in that time man himself has vastly changed. Ant civilisation, however, dates back to an epoch when the fossil amber of today was trickling down the trunks of trees which had ceased to exist before man was on the earth.

Why, then, did ant civilisation come to a halt, while man's has progressed throughout, and will continue to do so? The answer is apparently that ant structure left no room for further development of brain and man's capacity for brain development is infinite.

A New Zealand magistrate has ordered two motor-cyclists convicted of speeding to undergo a course of instruction in road courtesy and safe driving.

THE NEW TAX ON BUSINESS

Unexpected Troubles and the Reason Why

THE HARD CASE OF FIRMS JUST RECOVERING

The Defence Tax on business, the most interesting part of the Budget, has caused much trouble.

No one can deny the excellence of the principle that, at a time when the nation is building up its defensive forces, business firms which make much extra profit should contribute part of that growth to the Defence Fund.

But trouble has arisen in matters of detail. The Chancellor had to keep his new tax secret until Budget Day, and was therefore unable to consult business firms upon the working of the scheme.

Some Anomalies

The Chancellor proposed that, to measure profit growth, a standard of measurement should be formed by averaging the profits of 1933, 1934, and 1935. Business men point out, however, that that standard would work very unfairly as between one firm and another.

If Firm A had steady and good profits in the standard period they would show little or no growth of profit by comparison with it, and would therefore pay little or nothing, while if Firm B did badly in 1933 to 1935 they would show a big growth by the same measurement and have to pay heavily. Thus Firm A, which was not hurt by the slump, would get off lightly, while Firm B, suffering by the slump, would be heavily taxed because it had at last recovered.

There are many other anomalies. Export firms, who need encouragement, would be hit more than sheltered home firms. People who are not enterprising, and live on fixed interest securities, would not pay the tax which enterprising business men would have to pay. All the new tax would fall on what are called ordinary shareholders in business, who take the margin of whatever profit arises.

Effects on Revenue

The Chancellor has promised to consider all these points, and we feel sure that he will put such matters right.

Unfortunately, the Budget gave a shock to the business world, and such shocks have a way of undermining the confidence on which business rests.

Probably, too, the Chancellor failed to realise the effects of his Defence Tax on Death Duties and Stamp Duties. The Budget has sent down the prices of many securities; therefore the capital value of estates has fallen, and the yield of Death Duties was less the week after the Budget than it was before Budget Day. Stamp duties on securities, being reckoned on their capital value, also yield less. But all this, we may hope, will come right when the Chancellor has revised the tax.

ACRES OF FINE FABRICS IN THE ABBEY

If all the braid on the chairs and stools in Westminster Abbey on Coronation Day were stretched round the Procession Route it would encircle it twice.

The number of the seats on which this braid will be used is 7700, and 2500 yards of velour will cover them.

More than 1900 square yards of carpet have been laid in the Abbey and its annexe; 11,000 square yards of material cover the floors of the stands, corridors, and so on; while 6000 square yards of fabric have been used to cover the temporary ceilings and timbering.

On the fronts of the Abbey stands and other special structures set up for those present at the ceremony 1000 square yards of blue and gold brocatelle have been draped.



Under this majestic dome
Lord Nelson lies

LONDON comes into history, this book tells us, about the same time as the Crucifixion. We may see about us in its streets the work of the men whose masters executed Paul. We may see the marks of the fire lit by Boadicea to burn London down. On those ashes the great city has risen again, and nowhere else on earth is there to be seen such an accumulation of the treasures of the Present and the Past.

Birthplace of Television, Wireless, and the Kinema

MOST of us may think we know London, so familiar is it to the world, but we may wonder if there is a Londoner anywhere who knows all the things this book tells us of our famous capital. It is not only Central London that it deals with, not only Westminster and the City, Kensington and Holborn, but these and 25 other towns that make up the greatest city in the world. How many of us know that matchless scene across the Thames from the Isle of Dogs in Poplar? How many of us have been to Christopher Marlowe's grave at Deptford, and the grave of Coleridge's Ancient Mariner there? How many of us have stood in that famous place where we can see the graves of John Bunyan and William Blake, Daniel Defoe and Isaac Watts? How many of us could name without thinking the London town which has six things known to all the travelling world? How many of us know where to find the timbers of the Golden Hind and of Queen Elizabeth's State barge? Who knows the East End churchyard where lies Sir Philip Sidney's only child?

We read here of an attic in which Television was born, of the London street where the first film was taken, and of the birth of the Wireless Age long ago almost on the very spot where Broadcasting House now stands. We read the extraordinary story (which we believe is not told in any other book) that when Tennyson was buried in the Abbey his grave was dug out of Saxon concrete, so hard that it could be pierced only inch by inch, and workmen stood by sharpening tools. We read of famous lamps still flickering night after night in London which flickered on the deck of Nelson's Victory as he walked about it thinking out his plans for the battle.

The Wonderful Things We May See in London

WE read of a poor boy in the terrifying days of the Plague of London who ran into the vault of a church and perished there, his body being found, as we may see it now, within a few minutes' walk of Fleet Street. We read of a queen who lay for centuries in an open coffin so that a famous man stooped down and kissed her after she had been dead 200 years. We come upon the grave of a man whose ideas have led to revolution in Russia and have brought about half

EVERYTHING TO SEE IN THE WORLD'S GREATEST CITY

Master Book of The King's England

London: The Great City Complete. By Arthur Mee. 964 pages.
200 pictures. 29 cities and towns. Hodder & Stoughton. 12s 6d.

The King's England, the great series of volumes in which the Editor of the C N is surveying all England and its possessions, is growing apace. There is published today the master volume of the series, London.

It is a marvellous book of nearly 1000 pages, and there is nothing famous in London's 117 square miles which is not here described. It takes us round the whole County Council area and describes for us everything it has for a traveller to see. Whatever we want to see in London is here, and there are 200 pictures of its famous sights and places.

the unrest in Europe. We look upon a grave with the oldest man in London huddled up in it, so that we see him as they laid him there perhaps 10,000 years ago. We see mummies in their painted coffins. We see the garret in which James Watt thought out the Age of Power, the queer little engine George Stephenson called the Rocket, and the strange steel gondola in which Professor Piccard went up in the clouds higher than any other man had ever been.

A strange and wonderful place is London, filled with old and new and beautiful things, and this book takes us everywhere about it, indoors and out, wherever we may go.

When it brings us to Parliament Square it goes round with us and shows us its monuments, Lincoln and Cromwell and Peel, and all the rest; it looks at all the buildings in this great place—the Houses of Parliament, the Abbey, St Margaret's, Middlesex Guildhall, and then takes us into them, so that after we have been round Parliament Square with this book there is nothing we should know about it that we do not know. This is the best sight of London that any existing single volume can give us. We can imagine the County Council wishing it could be in the hands of every Londoner, for it is a picture of the County Council's area as complete as any man could be expected to make it after going through London's 8000 streets.

The Exquisite Beauty of Westminster Abbey

WE do not suppose there is anything else so complete as the description of the Abbey found in this book. Every corner of it has been visited, every monument; and what a lovely place it is—how packed with craftsmanship, how thrilling with history, how exquisitely beautiful! The mosaic pavement on which the King is to be crowned is one of the wonders of the Abbey, and has perhaps fifty thousand small pieces of marble in it, brought from Rome nearly 700 years ago. Those who have the chance to peep through a little trap-door can see under this floor the remains of Saxon columns. The Processional Cross standing on the floor has 175 sapphires in it, paid for by a millionaire; the candlesticks on the altar were paid for by a cook.

Just behind the Coronation Chair as it stands here for the crowning is one of the first of what our newspapers call strip pictures, carved in stone by medieval artists with 14 scenes from the life of the Confessor. Just beyond this lies the Confessor; the writer of this book has seen his coffin. Just beyond that is the wonderful tomb of Henry of Agincourt, with two little doors (leading us up to his chantry) which have been swinging on their hinges for 500 years. Beyond this is the most wonderful interior in all London, holding us spellbound. It is the Chapel of Henry the Seventh, with 46 silk banners of the

Knights of the Bath in red and blue and gold, with a wonderful collection of dazzling carvings and painted animals that never were, and with a gallery of a hundred statues. The King asked in his will that 10,000 Masses should be said for his soul, and now he dwelleth, as Francis Bacon said, more richly in his tomb than he did live in any of his palaces.

Old and New in the Great Metropolis

CAPTIVATING as the Abbey is, and fully as its story is told in this book, we are out of it at page 80 and have still hundreds of pages to read. A great place is London, and a great book of it is this.

We call at the Tate Gallery and wander through all its rooms with these pages as our guide—the room of William Blake, the Turner rooms, the Alfred Stevens rooms, the Chantrey galleries, and so on; and then we come out to see the marvellous buildings of Millbank. Imperial Chemical House weighs 150,000 tons yet is set up in the marshes of the Thames. It is set on 1300 piles, and each pile was hammered in with 2500 blows of a great hammer. There were 58,000 drawings for it. It has the most magnificent doorway in London.

It is interesting to come from this great place to Cleopatra's Needle. We read that it is 35 centuries old and weighs 166 tons, and that on it is written, for the very first time known, the phrase *King of Kings*. From Cleopatra's Needle we may pass to Nelson's Column, of which we are told that the figure of Nelson is in three pieces, the biggest piece weighing 30 tons, and that round the platform on which his pedestal rests 14 men had dinner before the scaffolding came down.

And how many people know that just behind the Nelson Column the light from the lamps of Trafalgar shows on a great brass rule set in a wall where any one of us may go and check his measurements? Here they are so that all the nation may know them beyond dispute.

The Portrait Gallery of Our Race

AND, being here, we call, of course, at South Africa House, with scores of animal heads running round it and the golden springbok leaping out, Diaz and his ship set in the wall, and fascinating scenes inside. Then we look round St Martin's, and round the National Gallery, and round the Portrait Gallery of the English-speaking people next door. Its two long corridors, with their lines of marble faces, are charming, and the little rooms running off them are full of colour and humanity. Here are nearly 4000 portraits of people famous in our story—the pageantry of kings, the scarlet coats of generals, and the simple



This lamp in Trafalgar Square lit
the deck on which Nelson fell

dignity of thinkers and scholars and dreamers. The little group of familiar faces in white marble and bronze, the precious canvases of famous scenes, are unsurpassed in our galleries.

If we run down Whitehall, and step inside the most famous building in it, we find ourselves in one of the most crowded rooms in London, containing thousands of remarkable things, and never are we likely to forget the stories we learn here of the Pigeon, the Shark, and the Horse.

The pigeon was in the Great War and is one of the heroes of the Menin Road. It was carrying a message from the front line and was hit by a bullet which broke its leg and drove the message carrier into its body and out through its back. It was out in the wet all night, but it struggled home and delivered its message the next morning, and then it died. The story of the shark is one of the most remarkable stories ever told of the sea, and the papers and the jaws of the shark are here to prove it. The horse is a pathetic spectacle, the skeleton of the horse which carried Napoleon.

The Capital Book of the King's Capital

BUT this book is more interesting than a hundred novels, and the interest of it is all about us for everyone to see. We walk through London's streets and step into its fine buildings. We look in at its libraries, its art galleries, its museums, its churches, its great shops, its gardens and its parks, its churchyards and its byways, its City Halls, the great new offices rising everywhere like white stone mountains, its docks, its markets, its noble streets, and its ignoble slums. We see its great and little monuments, one of them with 169 marble figures standing on one platform. We come upon hundreds of our famous men in the haunts they knew. In one church we read of a little procession of people who had come to say farewell to a blind old man in grey, John Milton; and of another small procession with a joyous purpose, for a young man from the country was marrying a merchant's daughter from Essex. His name was to ring round the world with that of the blind old man, for he was Oliver Cromwell. In another church we come upon two little-known men to whom the world can never pay its debt, for they collected Shakespeare's writings and preserved his fame.

But there is no end to London. Those who read its story in this book will feel what every traveller feels, that there was never such a place elsewhere on earth. The pictures of it here are wonderful. The story of it is entrancing. The wealth of information is unparalleled in any book we know. *It is the capital book of the King's capital.* Heart of the Empire and Wonder of the World this book calls our great city, and there is not a reader of these glowing pages who will not feel that that is true.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 8 1937

The Collection Will Now Be Made

THE Budget of Coronation Year has brought home to all the heavy burden of carrying on a great country in these days. As far as our money goes, the strain of peace is hardly less for most of us than the strain of war.

But what is it we buy with our taxes? Why is it that we are asked to pay to the State five shillings in the pound?

Perhaps we have not asked ourselves too often why we should pay for our country, but we pay the rent for our house as a matter of course; even if the house is not fit to live in, the rent must be paid. And what a house is ours, set in a silver sea! No land on earth can equal it for simple peace and beauty; no land can give us such freedom.

We have so much liberty that we think little of it. We were born to it, and none can take it from us. But how often have we thought of being free? It is coming home to us now, and these dark days will not have been in vain if those who never thought before will think now what these islands mean, and what is really behind the Chancellor's announcement that the collection will now be made.

We are born to a noble heritage and it has cost us nothing. For us men have toiled a thousand years, and we come into the world, not little slaves of a Dictator, but the countrymen of Drake and Nelson, Milton and Shakespeare, free as the wind that blows. It is not mere poetry, this idea of liberty. It touches us morning, noon, and night. The great British Idea for every man is that he should live and think as he likes, that he should have the right to a healthy life, and that all the knowledge of the world should be open to him. England gives us these things, and she asks us that, as liberty has been built up for us in ages past, we shall carry it on.

Peace seems at times as hard as war; and so it is: too often we forget the strain of keeping peace. The war strain comes suddenly and quickly; the peace strain is long drawn out. But even apart from war the strain on a great nation is everywhere all the time. A street is quiet. We walk down it without any fear of losing our head or even our watch; but the street is quiet because there is spread about it a network of government that is for ever on the strain.

So it is that every year the great collection must be made. Let us remember at this happy time why it is that we must pay for what we have.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Poet's Telegram

NOTHING could be happier than Mr Maschfield's poem in the Coronation Programme; but it was not always so with Poets Laureate and the crowning.

For the official programme for the crowning of Edward the Seventh the Poet Laureate of that day also wrote a poem, and the Editor of the programme was startled to receive a telegram from the poet asking him to withhold the poem as the second line did not scan!

Three Nations in Berlin

THREE nations have been meeting in Berlin. They are France, Germany, and Britain.

It sounds like a dream come true, but what were they meeting about?

The three representatives have met in perfect amity to confer about the graves of the men killed in the last war.

Could not the three nations, while they are so united in Berlin, consider how to prevent new graves being dug in the next war?

The Word Killers

WE notice that the Royal Aeronautical Society has adopted the word Airplane for Aeroplane.

We hope the public will not follow it. We have seen already how our showmen have been able to turn the fine and energetic word Kinema into the sleepy word Cinema; it would be a pity if a society were able, in defiance of its own name, to spoil the perfectly good word Aeroplane and make it commonplace as Airplane.

Something Left

WE remember as one of the fine sayings of last week the saying of a Swedish lady in London, *There is still something left.*

She had been to Caledonian Market and bought some things she had fancied there from a dealer she had never seen before, who did not ask her name and was unlikely to see her again. As she had not enough money to pay for them she suggested that he should send them on, but the dealer would have none of it. "Take them," said he, "and send the money on."

And the Swedish lady did so, leaving neither name nor address with this trustful stallholder.

In the old days, before the world fell to pieces, an Italian dealer would let an English traveller bring anything from Florence, saying, "You are English," and it was one of the joys of travel to be trusted everywhere. Those days are gone, but still in Caledonian Market there is something left.

So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Boldness Pays

THE bold stroke of building the Queen Mary has brought renewed success to the Cunard White Star Line.

In 1935 the company lost £62,000; in 1936 it made a profit of £547,000. Not all this great sum was due to a single ship, but the world's finest steamship was a big factor.

We can now afford to smile at the long period of hesitation that saw work on the Queen Mary abandoned while the State paid unemployment benefit to the idle shipwrights and engineers. Once more all's well that ends well.

Tip-Cat



YOU can buy an overall with pictures of London printed on it. A Capital souvenir.

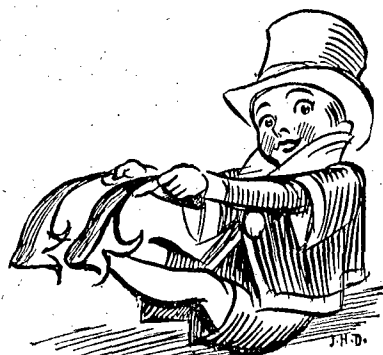
THERE has been a rain of new coins. But prices haven't come down.

A MESSENGER boy has a part in a London play. Hopes for a long run.

PEOPLE must advertise themselves nowadays. And often get sold.

A TRAM conductor has no power to stop cars by holding out his arm. He must try other lines.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If a pair of gloves is a fitting gift

A FAMOUS pianist trains like an athlete. Runs up and down the scales.

EVERY nation wants peace. Is that what they are all quarrelling over?

THE modern boy says life is a bit flat. But he can do his level best.

SOME people can't stand travelling. And some can't travel standing.

THE discoverer of dynamite let the world in for a peck of trouble. Did anybody blow him up?

TAKE your sick neighbour round a basket of fruit, says a writer. Round the tree would make a longer walk.

THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

MR WILLIAM KNIGHT of Chingford has made 46 books in Braille.

LAST year's Poppy Day brought a record total of £540,000.

JUST AN IDEA

What a man thinks and does hour by hour and day by day he will think and do when the crisis comes.

Proud Little Island

IT was a Frenchman who said that it consoled him for a thousand crimes to look across the sea at this little island in its proud majesty, calm amid all the deliriums of mankind; and it was this same Frenchman, Victor Hugo, who wrote:

*I love this little island lone and wild,
Where England, Freedom's child,
Neath its old flag doth Right maintain.*

So others think. As for us, perhaps we may like best these simple words of Charles Mackay:

*There's a land, a dear land, where the
rights of the free,
Though firm as the earth, are as wide as
the sea;*

*Where the primroses bloom, and the
nightingales sing,
And the honest poor man is as good
as a king.*

The East-End Mother

SHE has never had a holiday in her life. She it is who interviews all callers, parsons and policemen; who figures in churches—at baptisms, weddings, and funerals only, and at police courts and pawnbrokers in all sorts of circumstances. She always seems to be old and worn, spending herself looking after neighbours' children, nursing the suffering, laying out the dead, and most days of each week "taking round a bit of something hot to somebody poorer than herself." She sends her children to camp well dressed with plenty of pocket-money. The children return, having spent their money on faded flowers, sticky sweets, or pot ornaments. She carries everybody's burdens, no one knows how.

When she, who has asked nothing but given everything, is dead, the family find that she has kept every letter and all the oddments of each child.

James Butterworth

Whether Mussolini Cares or Not

Here in this little bay,
Full of tumultuous life and great repose,

Where twice a day
The purposeless glad ocean comes and goes,

Under high cliffs, and far from the huge town,
I sit me down.

For want of me the world's course will not fail;

When all its work is done the Lie shall rot;

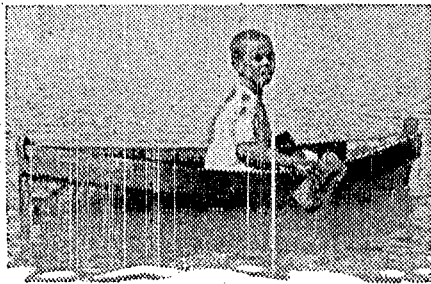
The Truth is great and shall prevail,
When none cares whether it prevail or not.

Coventry Patmore

A Prayer 1600 Years Old

Almighty God, Who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplication unto Thee, and dost promise that when two or three are gathered together in Thy name Thou wilt grant their requests: fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of Thy servants, as may be most expedient for them, granting us in this world knowledge of Thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting.

St Chrysostom



Home-made boat on the Nile

TEN YEARS AFTER

Mr Tom Lindeloud, who lives in Norway, has received a cheque for five shillings from a firm in New York for which he was working ten years ago. With the cheque was a note to say that the books of the firm showed that he had been underpaid by five shillings in the last year of his employment.

WHY WE HAVE TOWNS

We have heard of a farmer who took his son up to town and gave him some instruction in the ways of a great city.

The lesson began as soon as they came out of the railway station. Rapping the pavement with his stick, the farmer said to his boy:

"Now you know why they have towns. The ground's too hard to plough."

67 LOOPS IN 34 MINUTES

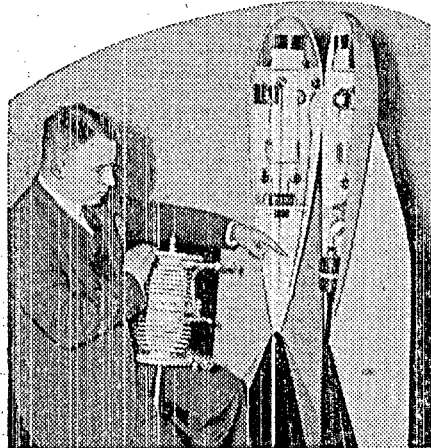
A glider has looped the loop 67 times in 34 minutes.

This is believed to be a record, and Flight-Lieutenant Mole may well be proud of it. Towed by an R A F plane from Cairo, he reached 8000 feet before his glider was released and his thrilling series of somersaults began.

THE ROCKETEERS

In America the rocketeers have received reward and support from the Smithsonian Institute, which has given a prize for a rocket that ascended 7500 feet.

This is the highest yet reached by a rocket propelled by the explosion of liquid fuel. It is a long way from the stratosphere which the rocketeers hope to explore, and which is at least 35,000 feet above the earth's surface, but the



Quarter-scale model of a rocket

ways of starting the rocket on its upward flight are improving. The Journal of the British Interplanetary Society reproduces the design of one, given an international prize in Paris, which can be fired upward by the explosion of a mixture of gasoline and liquid oxygen, at a muzzle velocity of 4000 feet a second.

There must be a beginning for everything, including rockets, and enthusiasts in Germany, America, and England are still hopeful and still trying to send their rockets higher than any balloon as yet manufactured can reach.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE OF THE GOLD COAST

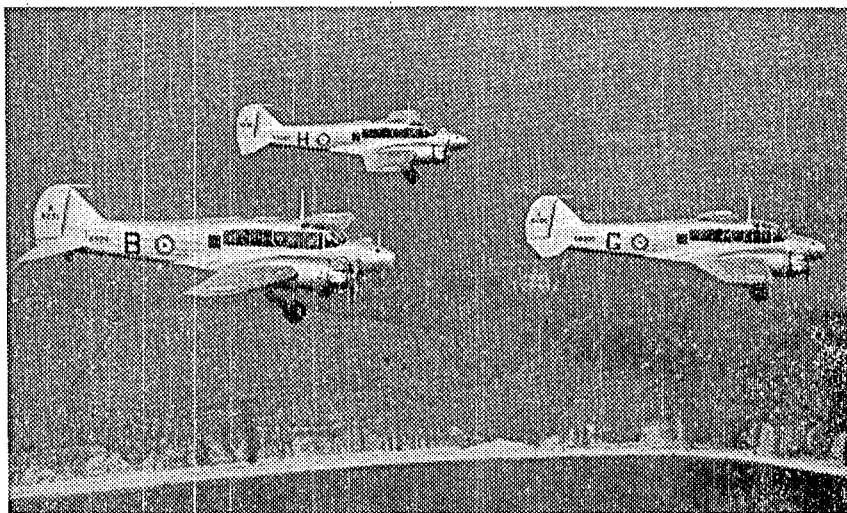
Mother Thais has died at Accra. Known as the Florence Nightingale of the Gold Coast, she worked there as a missionary for 47 years, and over 5000 people attended her funeral.

Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, Where Have You Been?

A Lively black kitten running out to see the world at Westfield, New Zealand, came to a railway siding, sprang on to a truck, and climbed inside as the last load of Canterbury lamb, bound for England, was put in. The door was shut, there was a noise of shunting, and the train started for Auckland.

The next morning a dockyard worker on the Central Wharf at Auckland began to unload the refrigerated truck in which Pussy had spent the night, and

called to his mates on discovering the black kitten, stiff with cold. Her fur was frozen hard, but she made a slight movement, and the porter held the kitten against his body until her fur was thawed. Then Pussy feebly licked up some warm milk, and after a meal of fish frisked about in the wharf shed none the worse for having spent a whole night in a temperature in which a human being would not be able to live more than an hour or two.



Triple formation of R A F planes near Flamborough Head

A LITTLE GOLD RUSH

Alice found a wonder down a rabbit hole, and four boys have found treasure trove in a hole down which a weasel disappeared.

Trying to find the weasel, they came upon gold coins. The news spread quickly, everyone in the neighbourhood leaving their work and running to the spot. The little gold rush took place near Sofia, and the hoard is said to have amounted to £120 in Turkish coins.

ORPHANS OF THE STORM

One of the sad results of the storm sweeping over Spain is that many children have become orphans.

How many there are will perhaps never be known, but 500 of them who have neither father nor mother nor a roof over their heads have been gathered together, and are soon to sail from Spain to find new homes and new hopes in Mexico. Many Mexicans have opened their doors to these little victims of war.

THE HORSE THAT DOCTORED ITSELF

A valuable horse in Sydney, Australia, not long ago broke its leg in three places.

The limb was put into splints, but the veterinary surgeon could find no way in which the horse could rest its injured leg.

It solved the problem itself. For three weeks it rested against the fence of the field. It ate and slept in the same position, and then, when the leg was better, it walked away fit and well.



One of the 90,000 Coronation Medals

NORTH AND SOUTH

A Yorkshire woman who has returned to Keighley after living for some years in the south of England has been giving her views on Southerners. Her chief criticism was summed up in the words: *They are not like us; and the sad thing is that they don't even try to be!*



A Russian's Joy of Life

TWO LADS IN A BOX

The Greeks used to say that trouble began when Pandora's box was opened, but trouble began for two Scottish boys when a box was closed.

They were inside it, two Lanarkshire lads of nine, who climbed a wall and found their way into a builder's yard. Then they found a big chest, and thought what fun it would be to hide inside. In they went and down crashed the lid. The chest locked automatically, and the two boys were trapped inside, like Ginevra. They shouted, but no one heard. They knocked, but there was no answer. Had it not been for a few small holes bored in the sides of the chest they must have been suffocated; and as it was they could hardly breathe. For nearly 12 hours they remained prisoners in their little black hole, and it was not till morning that workmen set them free.

A GOOD TURN ON CORONATION DAY

The Boy Scouts will be doing more than one good turn on Coronation Day.

From six in the morning they will be selling programmes to the multitude along the route, and they have undertaken to sell 700,000 all over the country.

Another good turn, beginning at four in the morning, is the help given by Rover Scouts in erecting crush-barriers.



The first time out

A NEW ROAD MATERIAL

Our busy chemists announce another discovery.

They tell us that if rubber is warmed and mixed with chlorine gas it changes into a black elastic mixture believed to be suitable as road material. Exhibited at the Congress of the International Association for Testing Materials, a quantity of the material has been sent to the Road Research Laboratories at Harmondsworth in Middlesex.

A MEDAL FOR VIC

Vic is an elkhound, and the other day she ran six times into her master's bedroom, pawing at the bedclothes and showing signs of distress.

Five times she was sent out, but the last time she succeeded in making her master think there must be something wrong, and, following her he found that an electric fuse had started a fire.

The National Canine Defence League has sent this Manchester dog a medal.

FROM PITCAIRN TO THE CROWNING

From the lonely island of Pitcairn in the Pacific, where the mutineers of the Bounty landed 147 years ago, one of their descendants has come home for the Coronation.

Mr David Young is the great-great-grandson of Midshipman Edward Young, who was one of the party landing on the volcanic island barely two miles square. There the Bounty men found shelter, and there stayed, marrying Polynesian women. Hardly ever have any of their descendants left it, and a recent visitor to the island noted that there are only three family names among them, Christian, Warren, and Young.

OLD MAN YOUNG

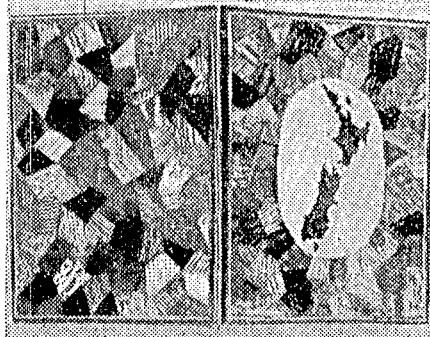
In the oddly named group of cottages known as Romptickle, near Penistone in Yorkshire, is a small shed in which George Watts is making chains for farm implements.

He made chains at a nearby forge till he was 80, and since then he has gone on making them at his own home. He is now 91, but his hand has not lost its cunning, and he is still expert at bending and welding red-hot iron. South Kensington Museum has a set of his old chain-making tools.

NEW ZEALAND'S LITTLE PRESENT FOR THE KING

The loyal address of New Zealand to be presented to King George at the Coronation has a wonderful cover.

It has come to London in an inlaid cover made up of about 300 choice pieces of New Zealand timber, which form a



wonderful mosaic. On one cover is a map of the islands of New Zealand in a dark wood which stands out on an oval sea of pale-coloured wood.

New Zealand timber is greatly prized by cabinet-makers because of the way in which it can be worked and polished.

The Swallows Are With Us Again

THE swallows, the swifts, and the martins are with us again.

Darting through the air, wheeling high over the roofs, skimming across pools and meadows, they are for ever on the wing. Small as they are, they seem to be tireless, beginning their day at sunrise and flying high and low with hardly breathing space till long after the sun is down. Feeding its little ones, one of these wonderful visitors from the warm south is said to catch about 5000 insects every day, and, though one swallow may not make spring, a flock of swallows must keep down insect pests in the neighbourhood they have made their own, for a season's menu for any one of them includes over 700,000 flies!

The swallows and their friends are with us from the end of April or the beginning of May till September or October. Every spring they come back to their old haunts, every autumn they fly south. Other migratory birds come and go with the same astonishing regularity, but the swallows impress us most of all.

The wonder of their coming and going never ceases. How and why they travel thousands of miles north or south has never been understood by students of bird-life. Even if we find a reason for

these long pilgrimages we are puzzled when we try to understand how the birds find their way. They post o'er land and ocean without rest, and, small as are many of our migratory friends, they cover long distances with unerring precision. It has been thought that the old birds lead the young ones, but we know that often the young birds travel alone before or after the older birds. It has been assumed that they steer their course by keeping a lookout for prominent landmarks, but this is impossible, as vast flocks of birds are often winging their way above banks of clouds, and some fly all through the night; to say that they find their way across the trackless skies by instinct is only begging the question.

What this instinct is, and how this amazing sense of direction has been developed, remains a problem which after long study, our greatest naturalists are unable to solve. If we say that the search for food has caused these vast movements among birds we are no nearer a solution of the mystery of migration.

We must be content that the swallows are with us again, and that every time we see them skimming overhead we may remind ourselves that Nature has secrets man has not been able to fathom.

The Forerunner of Mickey Mouse

MILLIONS of people know Mickey Mouse, but who knows anything of the man who gave the world the first animated cartoons showing animals?

He is believed to be Emile Cohl, and, though his idea has made fortunes for others, he is now in a workhouse infirmary in Paris. At 80 he is unknown; but he can look back to the day 30 years ago when he showed his Phantasmagoria in Paris and had praise ringing in his ears. He made over 1800 drawings, each a little different from the one which

went before. The cartoons had comic figures without any background, and proved to be so popular that in four years Emile Cohl made over 300 of these films. The highest price he ever received for one was £16. In 1912 he showed his cartoons in America, and since then the idea has gone round the world and won increasing success; but the pioneer has sunk into obscurity and is now almost forgotten, like the inventor of the kinema itself, who passed away in poverty and neglect.

The Royal Family at Greenwich



The King at Greenwich last week when he declared the National Maritime Museum open

THE CALCULATING MAN

Bertha Bidder Follows Her Father

Bertha Bidder has passed away at Stoke Fleming in Devon, a village 300 feet above Start Bay.

She was the daughter of one of the most amazing men who ever lived, and has been laid to rest beside him. He was George Parker Bidder, born a year after Trafalgar, and buried at Stoke Fleming in 1878, when Bertha was a little over 30.

Friend of George Stephenson

As a boy he lived at Moreton Hampstead on the edge of Dartmoor, and when he was about 28 he began a firm friendship with George Stephenson, helping to build some of his earliest railways, and winning fame as an engineer. He built railways at home and abroad, constructed London's Victoria Docks, and was among the front rank of inventors. It was he who gave us the idea for the swing bridge, designing the first ever seen in England for the Norwich and Lowestoft Railway.

All this would have been enough to give him a place among the notable men of his day, but his chief claim to lasting fame was his cleverness at arithmetic. A power of seeing numbers in his mind's eye gave him an incredible command over figures. His ways of multiplying and dividing are all explained in a paper he read before the Institute of Civil Engineers, and he went on to declare that he believed his mental arithmetic could be used by people with no extraordinary powers of memory. In this he was wrong, for his methods are quite beyond most of us.

A Mathematical Genius

It was not long before George Bidder's quickness in doing difficult sums made him much talked of, and his father soon found he could make money by exhibiting him as the calculating phenomenon. People would ask him to work out extremely complicated problems, and he would give them the answer within a few seconds. He was always right. He could carry a score or more of figures in his head, and his performances amazed everyone.

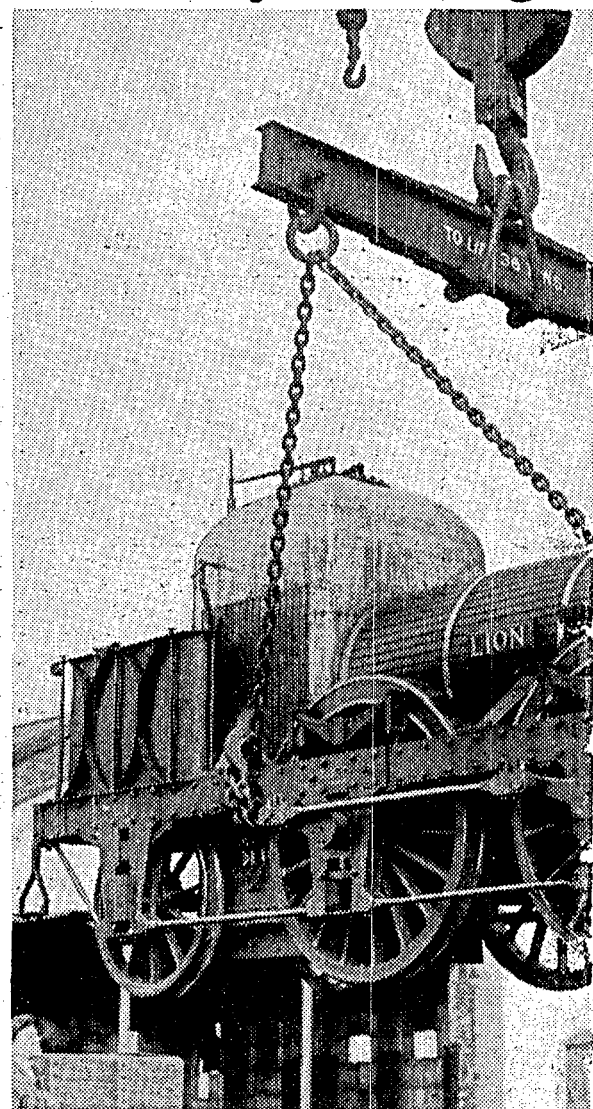
It is probable that George would have had very little schooling had not a number of eminent men paid for him to go to a school at Camberwell, from which he afterwards went on to Edinburgh, where he won a prize for mathematics in 1822. In after years he remembered the kindness of his friends, founding a bursary for poor students in memory of those who had helped him—a very gracious and lovely thing to do.

Counsel's Request

George Bidder was little more than 30 when he entered Parliament, and it was there his wonderful gifts were employed with outstanding success. He was one of the wonders of London. On Parliamentary committees he was invaluable, for a single glance over long columns of figures enabled him to detect a flaw. He could supply any calculation the minute it was wanted. When he had proposals to make he could use figures newly set before him, working out sums which would have taken experts several hours and many sheets of paper. On one occasion an opposing Counsel asked that George Bidder should not be allowed to remain in the committee-room, declaring that Nature had endowed him with qualities which did not give his opponents a fair chance.

Now that Bertha Bidder has gone the way of all the earth we have lost our last link with the most wonderful calculating man the world has ever known.

Century-Old Engine



The Lion, brought from retirement at Liverpool



A century-old engine has been brought into commission again for shows a reconstruction of Euston Station as it was in 1846, with

At Work Again A FAMOUS CAPTIVE DIES

Splash of Badger Creek

THE CREATURE LIKE NO OTHER IN THE WORLD

One of the queerest animals ever seen in freedom or in captivity has died.

For four years the platypus known as Splash lived near the Badger Creek Sanctuary at Healesville, Australia.

When he was a youngster of only a few months Mr Eadie found him and designed a special "platypussary" for this specimen of the shyest of all animals.

As well as being one of the shyest, the platypus is one of the most interesting of all animals. It has a bill like a duck, webbed feet, fur on its body, and a poison spur on its hind leg. The female lays eggs and then suckles the young. In fact, it is and does something characteristic of almost every kind of creature. It swims swiftly in the water but it makes its burrow on land. So strange an animal is it that when a specimen was first brought to England, soon after the discovery of Australia, English scientists declared it was a joke and refused to believe it real. It reminded them of the story of mermaids, specimens of which were sometimes produced by neatly stitching together the top of a monkey and the tail of a salmon.

His Daily Ration

Splash was the very first platypus to live as a pet of human beings. Many other attempts had been made, but Mr Eadie was the first to meet with any success. He spent much time and money and patience; and in the end Splash would come out of his burrow and swim round the pond. Hundreds of people have visited him, and the day before his death Lady Haig was among his visitors.

During his four years at Healesville Splash ate more than three-quarters of a ton of food. His daily ration of worms and grubs and eggs was 16 ounces, and it was due to Mr Eadie's care and patience in feeding him that he thrived so well.

Moving pictures were taken of him and for the first time a record made of this strange animal.

Mr Eadie declares that he will not try to obtain a successor for Splash, and everyone will admire his decision. He says that all the necessary study and observation of the animal was made during Splash's lifetime, and there is no occasion to bring another into captivity.

A Garden by the River

It is strange to think that, while the platypus is regarded as one of the rarest of animals, he occurs in the most unexpected places. Thousands of Australians have never seen one, yet at the foot of the writer's garden, in a quiet corner of the River Yarra (the main river of Victoria), only a dozen miles from Melbourne, you may go down to the bank at dusk and sit immovable in the shade of a tree, and be rewarded by the sight of a broad bill and the glimpse of a furry body swimming through the water. It is a platypus swimming and diving for his food. At the first slight noise or movement he disappears, and only a ripple remains.

THE SIXPENCE-A-POUND PLANE

Not long ago Papua, the land of Stone Age Men, saw its first plane; now the Papuans have so far become used to the sight that they save up for a flight in the White Man's machine.

There are more applicants than planes to carry them, but as the Papuan will not be denied he is charged by weight for the journey. Sixpence a pound is the fee, and a hefty native weighing 200 lbs may find the treat expensive. But as few of them wear many clothes there is no excess baggage to pay for.

The Wonderful Game of Billiards

Let us to billiards.

Antony and Cleopatra

IN a hall in Leicester Square a few hundred people have been sitting in the gloom about a brightly-lighted billiard table, silently watching for a fortnight Joe Davis and Tom Newman playing coronation billiards.

In a way these two experts have been making billiard history, for hardly before has a player made, as Joe Davis has done, three 1000 breaks on three successive days; and though the actual watchers number only hundreds, the progress of the match is being noted by thousands from England to Australia.

A Triumph of Skill

The play is a marvel of dexterity and concentrated skill. It looks so simple. The player, Davis or Newman, manoeuvres the two white balls and the red into a group near one of the cushions, and with touches of infinite precision guides them along it, making cannon after cannon, till before one realises it the score runs up into the hundreds. Then, if the need arises, a ball has to be pocketed before the cannon game can be resumed; but that seems as easily done as the making of cannons, which looks so easy when Joe or Tom is doing it, because they never seem to leave themselves a difficult shot to make.

It is the art which conceals art. But the most astonishing thing about the new billiards is the real advance of skill. These 1000 breaks were never made by all-round play in the old days of John Roberts, who was the finest billiards player of his time. Breaks of such high figures were then made by the repetition of one kind of stroke, like that of potting the red from its spot at the top end of the table.

The new era began when Walter Lindrum of Australia showed how it could be done, and Joe Davis and Tom Newman have followed after him; and

though neither has yet caught him up, they have had to improve their game to somewhere near the Lindrum level. Their skill is an example of how, in the game of billiards as in other games, the standard of skill set by one man compels others to try to reach it.

In the end someone succeeds and the game improves. Its improvement in the match between Davis and Newman is the more remarkable because for some time past the rival game of snooker pool, which Davis plays better than anyone, has rather ousted billiards from favour. Davis has brought the old game back.

What is perhaps the most astonishing thing in billiards as played by the highest experts is not the wonderful shots they make, the screw shots, the masse shots which make the balls curve and run hither and thither, nor even the marvellous knowledge of the angles displayed by the player. These spectacular shots occur only now and then, because it is the aim of the striker to give himself a succession of easy shots to make. This is brought about by a delicacy of touch and a knowledge of strength which the professional spends eight hours a day, and many months in learning.

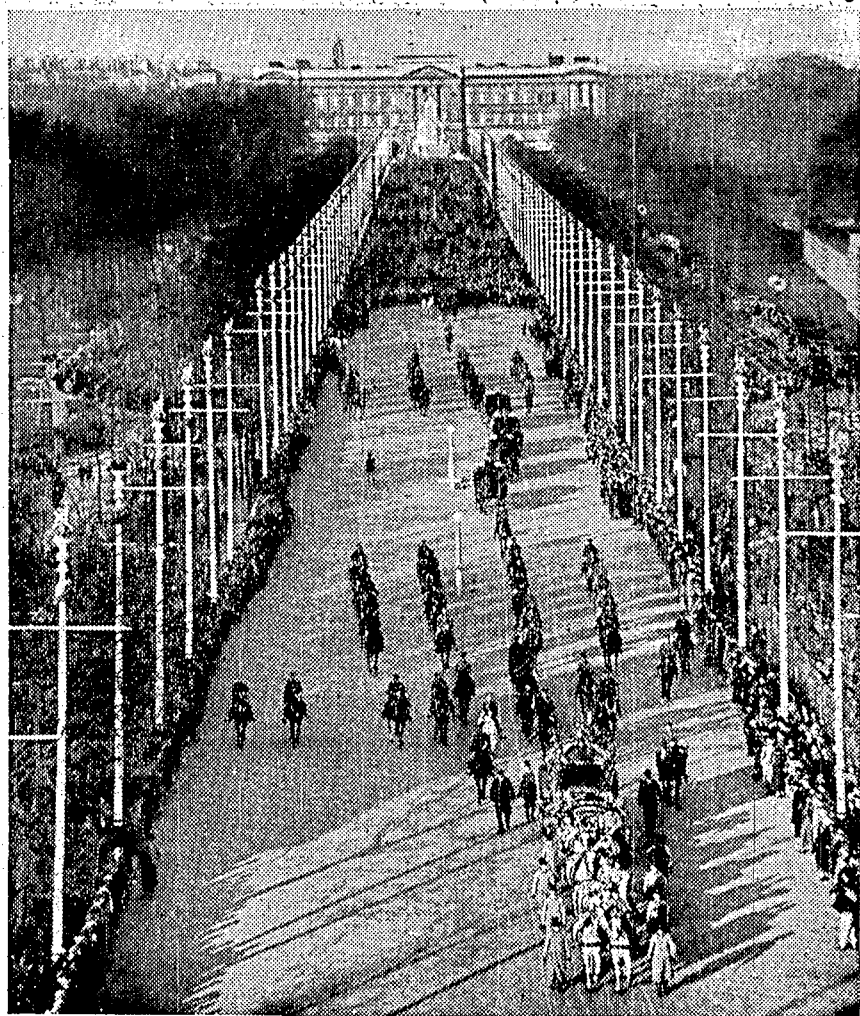
Keeping On

Mr Windsor is a carpenter at Burlington House.

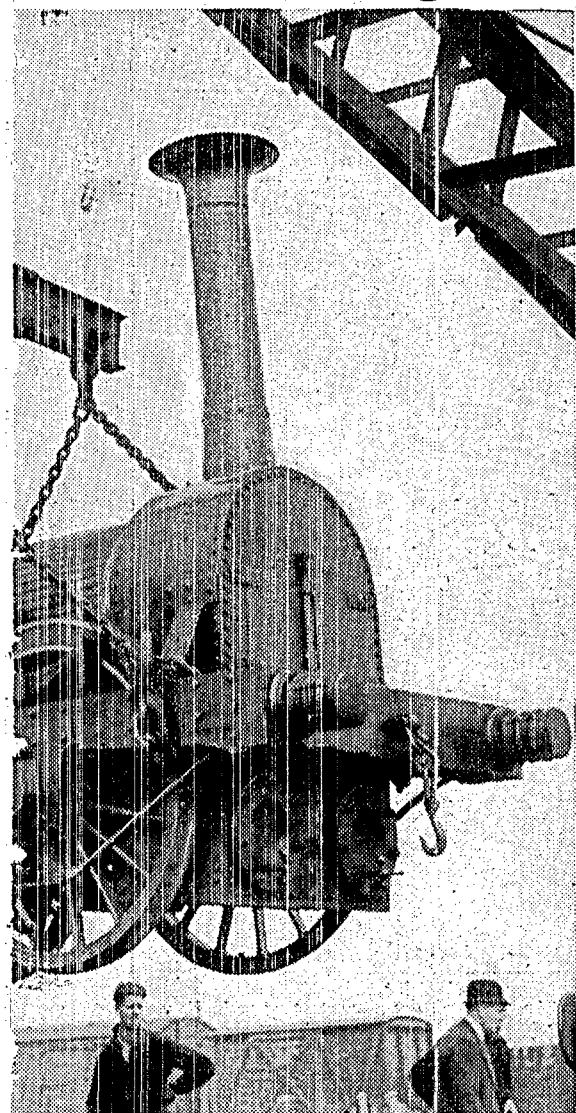
Every year he helps to carry other people's pictures into the room where the Selection Committee of the Royal Academy sit in judgment. His ambition is to see one of his own pictures accepted by the committee and to lend a hand in hanging it. For 20 years he has submitted pictures, and though all his work has been rejected he is still hopeful.

This year his picture of Cobham Mill has been refused, and we might have expected Mr Windsor to feel that it was no use trying again, but he keeps on keeping on.

London's Great Processional Way



Rehearsing for the Coronation Procession in the Mall last week

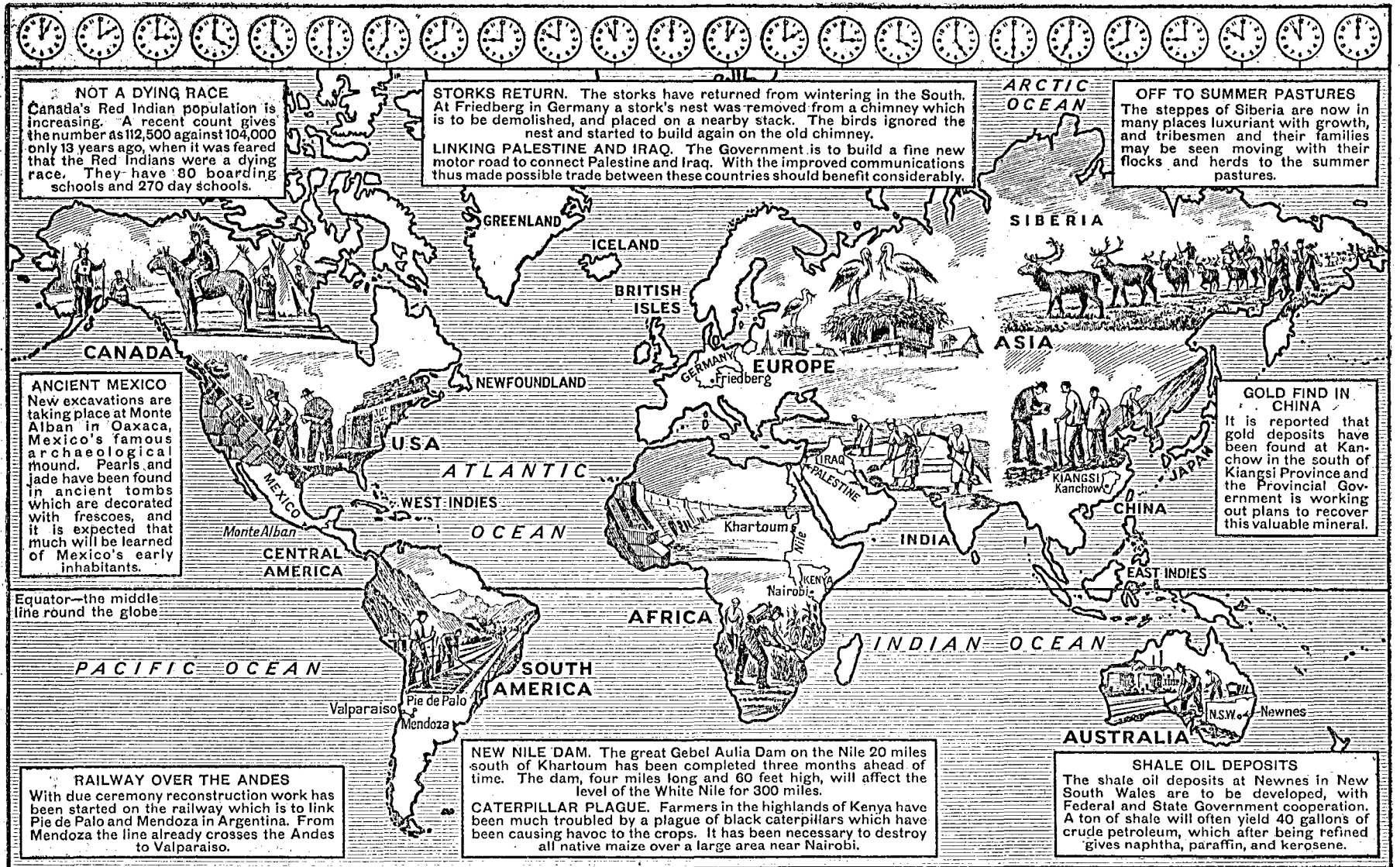


ool, being unloaded at Watford for the film



scenes in a film of the life of Queen Victoria. The lower picture Queen Victoria leaving for her first railway journey to the North

CN Picture-News and Time Map of the World



The Chimpanzees at the Moat

An old Punch joke represents a London costermonger as saying, "Here's a stranger; let's heave a brick at him."

Three chimpanzees at Whipsnade seem to share something of that primitive spirit. Round their island runs a moat which they have not courage enough to swim, but when some diving ducks entered the moat the other day the apes, collecting such stones and clods of earth as they could find, ran along the edge of the water pelting the birds.

One of the chimpanzees, an ape with more ingenuity than his fellows, climbed a tree with his munitions, and, commanding a wide sweep of water, bowled away again with the greatest enthusiasm.

As he registered only one hit, and that plump on the body of another chimpanzee which was firing away from the bank, the mischief may fairly be said to have recoiled on the assailants. The birds were not a feather the worse, but enjoyed the bombardment under the mistaken notion that the things thrown at them were food to encourage their diving.

The Big Family of Sam Smy

Sam Smy, who has died at 91, saw service in the Crimean War and claimed to be England's oldest town crier. He has passed on at Orford in Suffolk, and has left 89 grandchildren, 99 great-grandchildren, and three great-great-grandchildren.

After 77 Years

Mr. Grabowski was digging in his garden in Denmark the other day when he came upon an engagement ring, the one his father had given his mother, lost 77 years ago.

200 Years at the Cricket Pitch

Kent has just been celebrating the 200th anniversary of the famous cricket-ground at Sevenoaks.

Lord Sackville, who opened a new pavilion for the Vine Cricket Club, built to commemorate the bicentenary, recalled that he was a descendant of those who started Kent cricket, which has always played so great a part in the history of the game. A hundred years ago Kent had five of the finest cricketers of the time, Fuller Pilch, Alfred Mynn, Felix, Wenman, and Hillyer.

Some writers begin cricket history with stool-ball, in which the ball was struck by the hand, the wicket being a stool, but the early developments are uncertain. There was a London Cricket Club in 1700. The famous Lord's Cricket Ground in London, made by Thomas Lord, dates from 1787.

The first Australian team to visit England was that of 1878, and the first Australian victory over England was in 1882 at the Oval—by only seven runs!

The Scotsman From Rhodesia

There are 16 men still surviving whom Cecil Rhodes chose as his pioneer settlers of Rhodesia.

Alexander Tulloch is the oldest of these, and at 78 he has come to London to see the King crowned.

He is enjoying it all—except the pavements. He is used to riding over the springy veldt, and finds paved streets hard walking. He thinks Rhodesia the world's finest country, with but one drawback—it has too few people! He and his wife walked 500 miles from Johannesburg to settle there, carrying their two children.

The Man With a Gift Beyond All Price

We take this from Mr Baldwin's tribute to Lord Grey of Fallodon, to whom he unveiled a tablet at the Foreign Office.

Grey's being was of his native soil and native rivers. Her birds and her beasts were England to him, and as a consequence he of all men was never distracted by the gossip of the marketplace or the chatter of the metropolis. He had that poise which, in this age, is beyond all price.

He had an ideal married life for a short time, but he was left alone, and in 11 years saw everything for which he had fought fall in ruins about him.

To know him was a privilege, and on this occasion we do not mourn him. His ashes are in the North, his soul is with his Maker, and his spirit will abide in our hearts for ever.

The Good Neighbour

Canadian schoolchildren have earned, saved, and sacrificed their pocket-money to send aid to the sufferers from the recent floods in the United States.

This was done on their own initiative; no appeal was made. The American Red Cross reports that it has received 450 dollars from this source. This money from children is being spent to help children.

Father and Son

A father and son appeared before the Bristol Housing Committee the other day.

The father, who owned property at Clifton, told the committee that as he found it difficult to make notes he had brought his boy along. He asked them to allow the lad to come into the room. As the committee were agreeable the son came in. He was 76, the father 99.

17 Blackfellows at the Kinema

An astonishing thing has happened in Australia.

Through swamps, across flooded rivers, and over enemy territory where their lives were constantly in danger, 17 Blackfellows have tramped over 600 miles to the kinema.

What tales had been told among their people it is impossible to say, but it seems that some of their tribe had carried back to the wilds stirring stories of living pictures, and these 17 young natives decided to see for themselves.

Half starved and tired out, they reached Port Darwin, where they were taken to the Picture Palace. They sat motionless without betraying either wonder or amusement as they stared at the flashing shapes. No one could understand their speech, and now that these pioneers have returned to their homes we cannot know what they thought of the show; but it is wonderful that these men of the backwoods of Australia have seen Cleopatra, and that they are telling their tribe about the white man's magic.

Yeta of Barotseland

Yeta the Third, paramount chief of Barotseland, who has a seat in the Abbey, has come a long way to claim it.

He travelled in his royal barge, manned by forty picked paddlers, for 360 miles down the Zambesi before he came to the Rhodesian border. There the forty paddlers with their feather headdresses were left behind, and he came on by car, rail, and liner.

When he sits in the Abbey to see his liege lord crowned he will wear the uniform King George's grandfather presented to his father Lewanika. It is a sacred garment among the Barotse; and Yeta sent it to London some time ago to have it made to fit.

THE TRANSIT OF MERCURY

Little World Grazing the Sun's Disc

By the C.N. Astronomer

On Tuesday next, May 11, the planet Mercury will pass between the Sun and the Earth, so directly on this occasion that, seen from the southern parts of the Eastern Hemisphere, Mercury will appear to pass across the lower edge of the Sun's disc. It is what astronomers call a *transit of Mercury*.

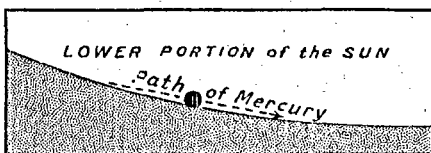
As the drawing shows, the extent of this transit is very small, even as seen from the south of Western Australia, where most will be observed. Farther north toward equatorial regions of Southern Asia and in the southern half of Africa Mercury may only graze the Sun or travel like a tiny notch along his southern edge, the size of the notch becoming less the farther north the observer is placed. The apparent length of Mercury's journey upon the Sun also depends on the latitude of the observer. Seen from the southern portion of Western Australia Mercury will take nearly an hour, from about 8.30 to nearly 9.30, to complete his journey from left to right across this small arc of the Sun.

Speeding at 35 Miles a Second

Elsewhere the graze will gradually lessen toward northerly latitudes until north of the tropics, and so in our country nothing of the transit will be seen.

However, in 1940, on November 12, we may hope to be more favoured, as happened on November 7, 1914, when this little 3000-mile world presented a fascinating sight through the telescope. He then appeared speeding at nearly 35 miles a second in front of the Sun—which fortunately for Mercury was about 30 million miles beyond—Mercury being near perihelion. Nevertheless it took Mercury upward of four hours before he completed his journey across the lower half of the Sun's face.

Transits of Mercury are comparatively rare events, the last having occurred on November 10, 1927, when it was partially observed in Britain; but only for about an hour after sunrise was the little black sphere to be seen travelling toward the edge of the solar disc. Previously, on May 8, 1924, similar con-



The coming transit of Mercury shown at its greatest extent

ditions occurred, and Mercury was only to be observed in this country for little more than an hour after sunrise.

Mercury revolves round the Sun in an orbit which is tilted to that of the Earth at an angle of about 7 degrees, consequently when Mercury approaches between our world and the Sun, as he does at intervals of 116 days, he usually passes a little way above or a little way below the Sun. There are, however, two points where Mercury's orbit, as seen from the Sun, must cross the orbit of the Earth. These are what astronomers call the *nodes*. So, if Mercury happens to be at or near one of these nodes at the same time as the Earth, Mercury will be almost exactly in line with the Earth and the Sun, and we see a transit occurring.

This periodical juxtaposition of the Earth and Mercury always happens within a day or two of May 7 or November 10, transits usually occurring in couples, as in 1924-1927 and 1937-1940, with a long 7 to 13-year interval between. The transits also repeat themselves almost exactly in a cycle every 46 years, but as the same side of the Earth is not always turned to the Sun when they occur they are not always seen from the same countries. G.F.M.

HOLES

More important than we might think at first, holes have a multitude of uses.

The eye of a needle is a hole. Without holes a sieve and the rose of a watering-can would be useless. In holes we plant trees and flowers. Through a hole comes the light which makes a picture in a camera. A small keyhole enables us to open a big door. Leaves breathe through tiny holes; and even our own bodies are kept fresh and wholesome by millions of holes in our skin.

Vanishing Houses

Often holes appear in the wrong places. In our pockets they provide a way of escape for small coins; in ships they are a menace to life. Sometimes great holes appear in the earth without warning, a row of houses vanishing in the twinkling of an eye. Not long ago an old mill was lost in a great cavity when the roof of a salt mine gave way.

Holes are everywhere. In the oak roofs of some of our finest churches are hundreds of thousands of holes made by the death-watch beetle. Wells from which oil or water are drawn are holes; and the biggest mines are really no more than vast holes burrowed by men, as moles make passages under our fields. One of the biggest of all holes made by human labour is the crater of the Premier diamond mine near Pretoria, the spot from which the famous Cullinan diamond came. Caves where the sea comes surging in with a roar like thunder and caverns where the bones of extinct animals have been lying undisturbed for ages are among the most mysterious holes we know.

Two Black Holes

Perhaps the most famous hole of all is the Black Hole of Calcutta. A dungeon 22 feet square, it was used as a prison for 146 people, who were crowded into it one June day in 1756. All the air they had came through two small windows, and so terrible was the following night that when morning came all but 23 were dead.

England has her own Black Hole at Chapel-en-le-Frith in Derbyshire. Into its small church were thrust 1500 supporters of the Young Pretender nearly 200 years ago. Herded together, they were pent up in that little space for 16 days, suffering such agonies that 40 were dead when the doors were opened.

An Unfortunate Saying

It is curious that Derbyshire should keep the memory of another hole, for if we come to Ashover we may read in the church register the name of Dorothy Matley, who was buried somewhere nearby, one April day in 1660. John Bunyan wrote about her, telling us that she made a living by washing rubbish from the lead mines, and that she had a bad habit of saying, "May the ground open and swallow me."

One day a boy accused her of stealing two pennies from him. She at once said, "May the ground open and swallow me if I have."

Hardly were the words out of her mouth than the ground gave way under her feet and she and her tub disappeared. When they brought her to light again she was dead, and in her pocket were the pennies she had stolen.

NEXT WEEK'S C.N.

Owing to the Coronation and Whitsuntide next week's C.N. will be ready on Tuesday instead of Thursday.

NATURE HAS BEEN KIND TO BATH

Will Bath Be Kind To Nature?

Everybody knows how beautiful Bath has been, and is; no town in England has been more wisely planned, and she lies in the hollow of a natural basin with hills all round her clothed with trees.

Yet it is strange that Bath should treat a tree so ill as to regard it as a notice-board for her announcements. A correspondent who has been staying there writes to us that in the beautiful Victoria Gardens all the notices are nailed to trees.

Would it not be worth while to set up posts in all our parks for such notices? There is nothing in the world more beautiful than a tree, and the best of towns has all too few of them. The A.A. sins less and less in this respect, and only rarely now do we find its yellow signs on trees. Perhaps Bath will think it over and be more kind to Nature, who has been so kind to her.

THE SNAKE AND ITS CHARMER

One of the most famous snake-charmers, an Egyptian named Moussa, has died from the bite of his own cobra, which he sought once too often to charm.

There is abundant proof that non-poisonous snakes can be tamed, that they get to know their owners, to refuse food from any hand but theirs, and to mourn when those for whom they care are absent from them.

But there is no proof that poisonous snakes can be taught to regard human beings with affection. They are prepared to attack from the moment they leave the egg, and their nature seems unchanging.

How, then, can they be charmed? The answer is that the reptiles are never tamed, but merely maimed. Their poison fangs are removed, and then the native who owns such a snake can produce the reptile from his basket, play his pipe before it, and take endless liberties with it.

But snake fangs grow again, and snake-nature remains unaffected by all the captivity and feeding to which the reptile is submitted. When the fangs have reached a sufficient length to enable their owner to give a wounding bite the bite is made. Such a bite must be poisonous, for as pressure is brought to bear a sac of venom at the root of the channelled tooth is squeezed, the deadly fluid runs down the tooth into the wound, and we are told that the charm has momentarily failed. The charm was never there.

GUARDING THE FIRE

Salford's Boy Scouts are keeping watch on fifty tons of rubbish.

The building of a Coronation beacon has already begun on the hill of Kersal Moor, and tree trunks, old wood, litter, and other material gathered from a wide area are now being brought together in the hope of a mighty blaze on May 12.

The guards, who keep watch all through the night, have a brazier to give them a little warmth; and during the last week of the bonfire more guards will be on duty, each pair taking a spell of four hours. Plainly Salford's Scouts are true to their motto, *Be prepared*.

Do Not Be Too Late

Make sure of your copy of the C.N. Extra
SEND HIM VICTORIOUS



Boys and Girls Get this Rule-book It tells you all the Secrets of the League of Ovaltineys

EVERY boy and girl should send at once for the official Rule-book of the League of Ovaltineys. It is produced in colours and contains the golden rules and other information required for the guidance of the many thousands of members.

All the secret high-signs, signals and code, by which members communicate with each other, are fully described and illustrated.

Once you get this book you will be as keen as anyone to qualify for your handsome bronze badge of the League, and join all the thousands of other boys and girls who are obtaining such great fun and benefit from the League's activities.

How you can become an Ovaltiney

All you have to do is to fill in the form below and post it in an open envelope (i.d. stamp).

The Chief Ovaltiney will then send you the official Rule-book and tell you how to get your bronze badge of membership.

POST THIS TO-DAY!

To the **CHIEF OVALTINEY**,
184 Queen's Gate, London, S.W.7

I wish to become a member of the League of Ovaltineys. Please send me, free, the official Rule-book of the League.

Name

Age

Address

(Write in **BLOCK LETTERS**)
Children's Newspaper, 8/5/37.



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they last!

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THE FARMER FROM DOWN UNDER

And the Engine-Driver Off the Rails

Australian farmers are here for the Coronation, and have a word for their English cousins.

The first word is that they admire our friend Farmer John immensely and are glad to take lessons from him.

The last word is said to Farmer John in the friendliest spirit, and it is that the way to make things pay is to stick to the job. That is what the farmer in Australia has had to do through the last few years of drought, depression, and falling prices. He has gone on to deliver the goods, and now the Australian farm is beginning again to pay. You cannot keep a good Down Under farmer down under long.

But Australia is the land of opportunity, and Western Australia has been named the Worker's Paradise. Its Premier, Mr J. C. Willcock, began life as an engine-driver, and then, in the words of Mr Malcolm MacDonald (who welcomed him on his arrival in London), "went off the rails and became a politician."

Mr Willcock is not the first Labour Premier to rise from the ranks. One of his predecessors, Mr John Scaddan, began in charge of the winding machinery at the Kalgoorlie gold mines.

£25,000 A YEAR A Windfall For Jamaica's Peasants

Jamaica, where the high winds blow, has received a windfall of £25,000 a year.

It has been wafted from England where some unknown friend of the Jamaican peasant has sent it for the benefit of these hardworked cultivators of the soil.

The island has nearly 800,000 of these coloured toilers, so that the money would not mean much to any one of them, but it is to be put to the good use of teaching them to better themselves. Education is their greatest need, and out of the fund are to be founded travelling scholarships for elementary teachers.

COMPETITION RESULT

In C.N. Competition Number 24 the two prizes of ten shillings have been awarded to Peggy Berryman, Shottisham Rectory, near Woodbridge, Suffolk; and Joy R. Jones, 174 Fosterhill Road, Bedford, who sent the neatest written correct lists.

The 20 Coronation souvenir writing sets have been awarded to the following, whose attempts were next best in order of merit according to age:

Joan Baker, London, N 17; Roy Brooks, Watford; Connie Dicker, St Albans; G. Hutton, Berkhamsted; John J. M. Haughton, Dublin; Kathleen Holman, Babbacombe; Anthony Jackson, Fareham, Hants; Muriel James, Rochford; Margaret McGeachan, Portobello; David W. Mathieson, Aberdeen; Evelyn Mercer, Tonbridge; James Morgan, Berkhamsted; Ann Murray, Walton-on-Thames; John Saunders, New Malden; Margaret Sibley, Guernsey; Jean R. Temlett, Dursley; Betty Thornley, Burton-on-Trent; Margaret Whitlam, Salisbury; J. A. Sword, Glasgow; Tom Wassell, Burton-on-Trent.

Watch the C.N. for more interesting competitions with many prizes.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of May 1912

A Cab Up in the Air. A wonderful taxicab has just been built by Monsieur Blieriot, the first airman to fly across the English Channel. The window is in the floor. Instead of plying about the streets, the new taxicab flies through the air, and the passengers look through the window at the earth below. The driver sits outside, like a chauffeur. The new taxi is, in fact, a great aeroplane, with a cab for carrying passengers!

PAINTER OF THE BIRKENHEAD

The Fate of Half a Thousand Men

Thomas Hemy, the artist who painted the sinking of the Birkenhead, has passed away only 12 days after the death of his wife.

He has closed his eyes at 86, his end coming in the Isle of Wight, where he loved to look out to sea and watch the ships for ever sailing by. He had been a sailor in his young days, and all his life he loved ships. When he was old he painted the Mauretania, and when he was young he painted the most famous of all his pictures, the scene on the Birkenhead just before she went down off Cape Agulhas in 1852.

In his picture we see women and children being rushed to the boats, the angry sea, the wreckage on the doomed ship; but most of all we are impressed by the orderliness of the soldiers, every man standing in his place and calmly waiting for the end:

Now we recount no fable; Europe, hear!
And when they tell thee "England is a fen
Corrupt, a kingdom tottering to decay,
Her nerveless burghers lying an easy prey
For the first comer," tell how the other day
A crew of half a thousand Englishmen
Went down into the deep in Simon's Bay!
Not with the cheer of battle in the throat,
Or cannon-glare and din to stir their blood,
But, roused from dreams of home to find
their boat

Fast sinking, mustered on the deck they
stood,
Biding God's pleasure and their chief's
command...

Hugh Todd, believed to be the last survivor of the Birkenhead, has also just passed away.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Although many schools will not be in session next week there will be special broadcasts of an educational nature which children can listen to at home.

Outstanding broadcasts of the week will be Viscount Bledisloe's talk on King and Empire, and a description of some important features of the Coronation ceremonial.

Schools will be heard on the air in Monday's special concert, when school choirs from London, Bristol, Bridgnorth, Cardiff, and Leeds sing a programme of selected songs.

Tuesday's music will be in dramatic form, two interludes being broadcast. In the first Queen Elizabeth is heard playing on the virginals, while the second gives a picture of the first performance of Handel's Water Music on the Thames.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 Food and the Empire: by B. A. Keen. 2.30 Special Concert by School Choirs.

TUESDAY, 11.30 King and Empire: by Viscount Bledisloe. 2.5 Our Countryside: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 Book Talk by Desmond MacCarthy—Charles Dickens's Great Expectations. 3.0 Special Music Broadcast—Royal Occasions.

THURSDAY, 2.5 The King's Houses: by Geoffrey Bompfrey. 2.30 The Coronation: by Hugh Ross Williamson.

FRIDAY, 2.5 In Martinique a Month Ago: by Clifford Collinson. 2.30 Programme of Sea Stories and Songs: by Commander A. B. Campbell and Stuart Robertson.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.5 Junior Geography—Irish Peasant Farmers: by Ian Wilson. 2.30 Poetry and Speech: by Charles Graves.

TUESDAY, 2.5 Scotland's Workshops—Kitchen for the Cows: by W. G. Ogg, Ph.D.

THURSDAY, 2.5 As National. 2.30 The House of Strathmore: by J. D. Mackie.

FRIDAY, 2.5 and 2.30 As National.

ON SECRET SERVICE

By John Mowbray

The Crossword Mystery

CHAPTER 1

Across—Four

BEHIND the locked door of his room in the Government building Sir Richard Wakeling had been showing a newspaper to an eager-faced boy who sat in a chair beside him. And now Sir Richard started to speak again with great carefulness.

"So there you are, David!" he said. "See what you can make of it. For though I am head of Secret Service I confess I make nothing of it. I'm no good at crosswords, you think?" The flicker of a smile touched Sir Richard's firm mouth. "You are wrong. I'm a whale at crosswords. But this one!" He shrugged his shoulders. "It beats me entirely."

"You mean that the words underlined do? The rest doesn't matter."

"Of course I mean the words underlined," said Sir Richard, as his troubled eyes sought the boy's eyes.

But these had dropped to the crossword marked in the newspaper—or, rather, to certain of its words underscored in red ink. Then the boy took pencil and paper and jotted them down. The result ran like this:

Across. 4. They are better without guard.

He recited them, at the same time consulting the crossword. "Across. Four," he uttered. "That means, see clue number four across. And clue number four across reads: *They are better without guard.*" Then he looked up abruptly. "Uncle Richard, who sent that?"

"Don't I wish I knew! But, like so many communications, it reached me anonymously by the post. You're sharp, so you'll ask whether neither the postmark nor the writing on the wrapper offers any clue. The writing is in printed characters. The wrapper is one of those supplied by all the post offices. And as for the postmark," Sir Richard exclaimed in disgust, "it's a blur."

"And the Post Office people can't help you?" David persisted.

This brought the grave man's dry little smile to his lips. "Secret Service does not share its secrets," he answered.

"And you don't think the message is a hoax, sir?"

"It may be," Sir Richard responded, weighing his words. "Yes, it may be a hoax. Or it may have been sent by a rat."

"A rat!"

"A ratter. In other words, an agent in the pay of the other side who has taken alarm at some blow which he knows to be pending."

"Which makes it more serious."

"Of course. Or, thirdly, David, it may have proceeded from one of my own men compelled to lie low. He would trust, you see, to the postmark to help with the clue."

"Yes, I see that," owned David. "And now you can't trace him?"

"We are trying to, of course," said Sir Richard emphatically, "but it's like hunting for the needle, you know, in the haystack. And meantime! What might happen? Disaster might happen. So your job's plain: and that is to get busy at once with the wretched thing's meaning." Sir Richard had grown almost testy. But his next words helped David more. "You did splendidly in that Montaraguan affair. Now your chance has come to prove yourself for the second time."

"I'll try," David promised.

"Exactly. You've wits. Now exert them," Sir Richard rose. "I have only to remind you," he added, "that I should never entrust such serious secrets to you, David, if you did not spring from a family that has always served the State well; and if, moreover, your youthfulness were not your armour against the suspicions of the people plotting against us. They won't be on the watch out against a boy."

"Well, I hope not, sir," replied David, on his feet also, and tearing his copy of the puzzling words into scraps. "I don't need that, sir. I have got it by heart," he explained, as he followed Sir Richard down the room to the door.

Sir Richard unlocked the door. And out David stepped, into that long and silent corridor, at the top of the building, trodden only by the men who slipped in like shadows, and like shadows stole away again on their duty. And now he was one at last of their brave, secret brotherhood. It thrilled him, every step he took down that hushed corridor.

But what a tiger! He had stepped out into the sunshine with the weirdest crossword that ever he had confronted. They are better *without guard*—yes, a regular

tiger! For it wasn't, as Sir Richard had shown him first thing, as if the four-lettered word which answered the clue in the crossword itself, a word of four letters beginning with a *d* and ending with *s*, and demonstrably *dogs*, threw any light upon their informant's dark message. For though dogs might be better without a leash, otherwise "unguarded," Sir Richard had confessed he had found it impossible to link *dogs* with any quarter whence trouble might be threatening to the national affairs which concerned Secret Service.

So David set his wits to work on another tack. Supposing, he reasoned, that our attention is not meant to be drawn to the word itself, *dogs*, but to something else that is better without a guard. What are better without a guard? Why, no end of things! For example: you may want a guard for the gems in a jeweller's window, but you don't want a grille for the cod on the fishmonger's slab. And in hot weather some eatables are better guarded in ice, but you've no need to guard your coffee beans against melting. And so on. But it got him no nearer; and here he was back in the secluded lodgings whereto he had retreated to dodge observation while at work on that mystery of the stolen document. It made him chuckle still to consider his nerve in matching himself against the agents of Montaragua, and to remember how small he had made His Excellency look and how he had outwitted that slinking musician! Ah, but that was an easier problem than this.

The words wouldn't leave his mind for a moment, but day followed day without bringing him nearer their meaning.

CHAPTER 2

In the Park

A MAN was sitting on a seat in St James's Park. He had it to himself, which suited him nicely, enabling him to stretch his long legs down its length; they were very long legs, very thin; and his body was thin, and his face was thin; and even his eyes had a curiously thin appearance. In front of him ran the children, playing and laughing. But his head was turned toward the spires of that great building in which delegates from every British Dominion would soon be gathered in conference with Britain's Government.

He heard nothing of the laughing children who passed him. And yet his hearing was good, as his sight must have been, for already he had heard a slow tread approaching, and the moment he brought his head round those eyes of his had taken in every particular of the individual whose footstep had touched his ear. This person was a boy of good build and straight figure, who was walking slowly because he was full of thought. And on the instant the occupant of the seat had restored his legs to their natural position and whipped out a newspaper.

Along came the boy. The man's head was bent over the newspaper. But just when the boy had come alongside the seat the newspaper fell fluttering down to the ground and its reader's hand went convulsively to his ribs, while a furious spasm of coughing shook his thin body. He was clutching his ribs, he was coughing and choking, he seemed to be fighting for breath, drumming his heels.

Darting to him, the boy unbuttoned his collar, and the thin eyes thanked him mutely as the choke lessened. Bit by bit it grew easier. He could gasp out his thanks next as he motioned the boy not to leave him. So the boy stayed beside him.

"You all right, sir? Are you sure you're all right?" he inquired.

"In a moment, in a moment," panted the other.

"Shall I fetch you some water?"

A negative head-shake replied.

"Well, what can I do? Is there nothing, sir?" David persisted.

"No; stand by. That's all."

The man was distressed still, and forcing his words out in gulps.

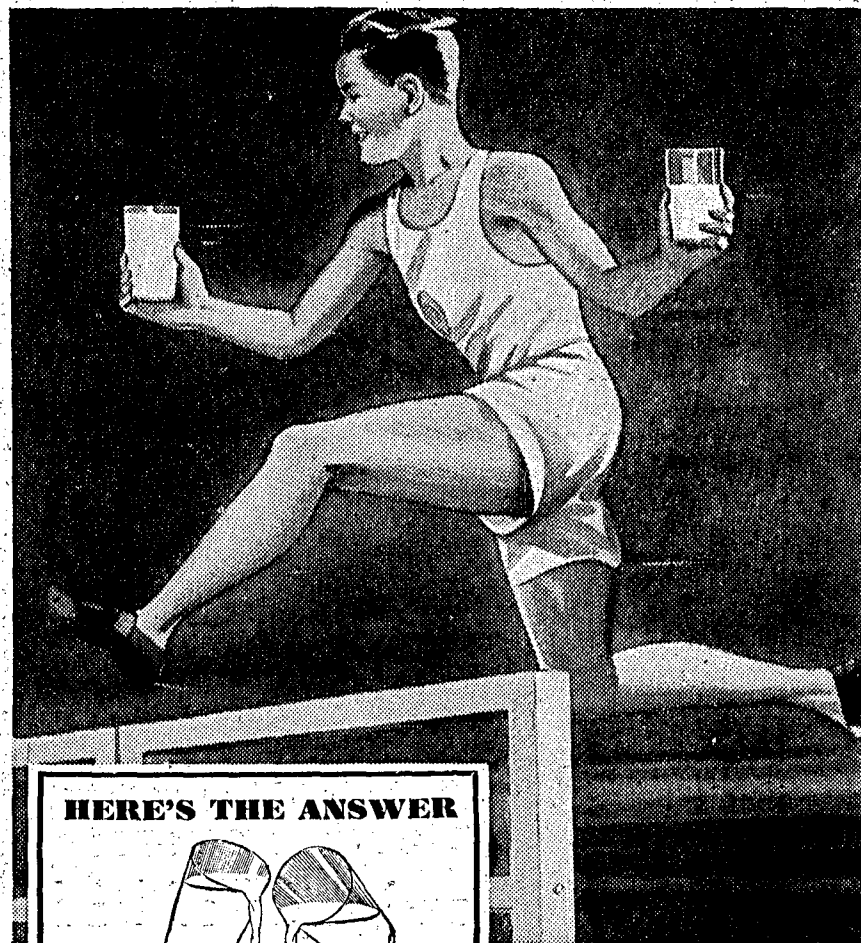
But in another minute this gulping subsided. The blood ebbed away from the face, left it sallow again. "It's nothing. I caught my breath. I do now and then. Distressing!" the man jerked. "Alarming! But there's nothing to it. It passes. It passes," he muttered.

David had had a fright. "Are you sure," he repeated, "that you wouldn't like me to fetch you a glass of water? Or can I help you home, sir?"

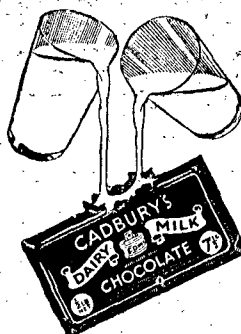
"No, no, my dear lad. Just stay with me for a few moments. Sit down! Sit down!"

Continued on page 14

HOW COULD YOU— JUMP OVER A HURDLE CARRYING A GLASS AND A HALF OF MILK?



HERE'S THE ANSWER



That's easy. Everybody knows that a glass and a half of pure full-cream British milk goes into every $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. block of Cadburys Milk Chocolate. So all you have to do is to slip the block into your pocket and go right ahead. Simple!

Nobody sensible walks about with a glass and a half of milk in their pockets—but a whole army of the wisest people you ever saw carry Cadburys Milk Chocolate for their between-meal snacks. All that milk makes sure there's real energy there for you, as well as

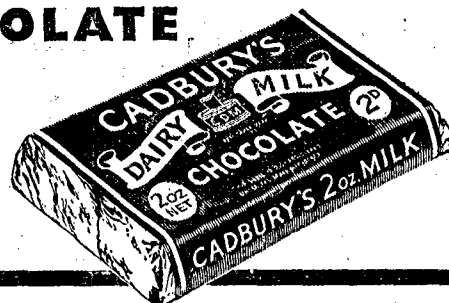
making this chocolate meltingly delicious.

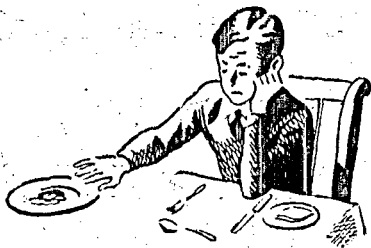
The doctors say 'Eat More Often'—it makes you stronger—keeps you on your toes. Cadburys is an ideal handy snack for doing exactly that. Make sure you have some always with you.

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Billy only liked lean meat.
The golden fat he would not eat.

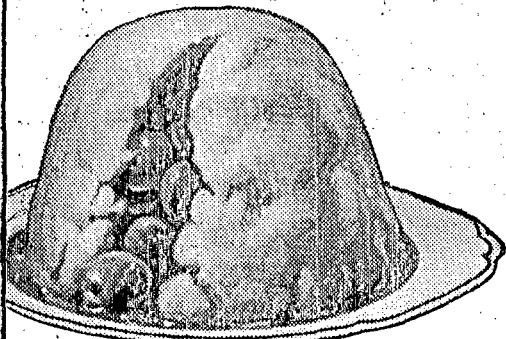


Wise Grandma said: "The way to
do it Is pudding with Atora suet?"



Soon Billy grew a
bonny lad -
Top of the school
and pride of Dad.

"Atora" puddings solve the difficult problem of the children who dislike fat. The doctor will tell you that "Atora" is beef fat in its most digestible form, rich in the vitamins so necessary for youthful development. So don't worry about the children's dislikes, but give them what they *do* like - plenty of delicious puddings made with "Atora" containing all the nourishment they need.



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Hugon's
ATORA
THE GOOD BEEF SUET

Continued from page 13

Thus urging, the stranger leaned back and drew a deep breath. David plumped down beside him, watching him anxiously. "Ah! That's better! That's better! Would you pick up my newspaper for me?"

David stooped and recovered the paper, all in a heap, and straightened the crumpled sheets before he restored it.

"It's lucky for me you were on the spot," said the man. "I didn't see you coming. You dropped from the blue, lad." He smiled at David. "Or was I too busy, perhaps? Do you know what I was doing just when that fit started?"

What a soft question! "You were reading the paper," replied David.

"Yes, yes. But what part of the paper?" "I don't know," said David.

The man coughed lightly. "I was doing the Crossword," he uttered.

"The Crossword!" As David exclaimed, in spite of himself, it was all he could do to keep the start out of his voice.

"Aye, the Crossword. Are you good at crosswords, my lad?"

David shook his head. "No," he answered, shortly and guardedly, as he shot another glance at this spindle-legged stranger who was opening the paper at the right page again.

"Oh, you're not, lad. I'm sorry. I was hoping you'd give me a hand."

"Just how, sir?" questioned David, feeling his way.

"Well, how does one help another man in a crossword? They work out the clues together. You know the sound principle: that two heads are better than one," responded the stranger. His voice was thin, like himself, and curious in this way, that he hardly seemed to move his lips as he spoke. "There's a clue here," he uttered, keeping his gaze on the paper. "Let's see, now. Which was it? Oh, yes! Across. Number four—" He stopped with great suddenness, and in the same flash he brought his searching eyes straight up from the paper to David's.

It was then that David first brought into play that queer faculty, which afterwards was often to serve him in such good stead, of making himself look much younger than he was. Assuming an expression infantile almost, he said: "Across means the sideways words, doesn't it?" And to

himself he said: "Now, if you're a friend you'll come out into the open. But I don't believe I fancy you, Mister Spindle-shanks."

The stranger was passing his tongue across his lean lips—like a snake, David thought, with sudden repulsion. Then the thin, toneless voice sounded again. "Do you live hereabouts, lad?"

"No," said David.

"You surprise me!"

"Why?"

"Because when I saw you coming along you didn't seem like a person who had never been in the Park before. You weren't looking round you as a newcomer does to take it all in!"

"Wasn't I?"

"No. You were mooning along like a person whose mind is on something else. Your thoughts appeared to be far away from the Park."

The stranger left his words there, but when David said nothing he returned to them with a laugh.

"You were studying, eh?" he remarked. "I lay you're a student? At school still, eh? Is that it? Keen on your lessons!"

"But I thought," rejoined David, in a tone of indifference, "that you told me you didn't see me coming along." And, casually as he pitched his voice while he spoke, he regretted at once that he couldn't recall the words. For they brought such a queer and speculative glance from the other that he felt that he had probably made a mistake in revealing himself sharper than he appeared.

The man masked his queer glance with a smile.

"Did I say I hadn't seen you? Then I couldn't have been thinking of what I was saying. But I mustn't keep you," he went on. "You'll be anxious to be off. Have you very far to go?"

"Yes, a good way," said David.

"Then you'll go by bus, I suppose?"

"I like walking," said David.

The man rose and extended his hand. "Then goodbye," he uttered. "And I'm much obliged, my dear lad. Perhaps we'll meet here again?"

"Yes, perhaps," said David.

"Goodbye again. Don't be late for your lessons."

And as the stranger uttered this parting injunction another faint and very peculiar smile touched his lips.

TO BE CONCLUDED

JACKO GETS MORE THAN HE WANTS

JACKO was very excited about a Great Dane which followed him nearly home one dinner-time.

"That's Constable Smiffin's dog," remarked Adolphus; "so intelligent that he has trained it to help him to arrest people," he added.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Jacko.

"Wouldn't I love to see him do it!"

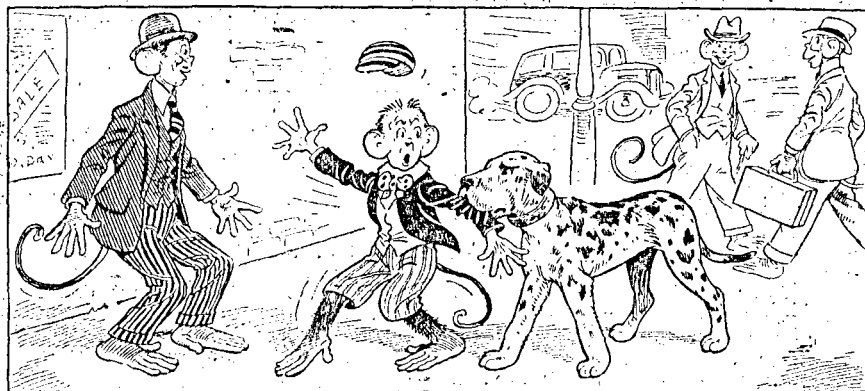
"You'll manage that soon enough

his surprise, Jacko found that the prisoner was himself.

"Er—good dog—splendid fellow!" stammered Jacko. Then, "Let go, sir!" he ordered, beginning to feel decidedly uncomfortable.

The animal's grip tightened.

"Hi! Constable! Call him off!" yelled Jacko. But, to his dismay, the officer was nowhere in sight.



Gently, but firmly, the dog gripped Jacko's arm

if you don't behave yourself," said Adolphus.

Jacko finished his dinner, and started back early to school. Before long he overtook Constable Smiffin walking down the road, with his Great Dane.

"I say!" cried Jacko. "I want to know how your dog arrests folks without hurting 'em."

"You do, do you?" said the constable, with a grin. "Well then, scamper off and I'll show you."

Jacko ran off. Two minutes later, at a word from his master, the Great Dane bounded after him. Gently, but firmly, the dog's teeth gripped his arm, and, to

Someone else was, worse luck. To Jacko's disgust Adolphus came along, and he doubled up with laughter to see his brother's fix.

"It's nothing to laugh at," roared Jacko. "Make the brute let go."

"Not me!" retorted Adolphus, hurrying off. "That dog'll hang on till his master gives the word."

It did! Half an hour later the constable was finishing his dinner when he suddenly remembered the dog.

Jacko was soon set free, but the joke was all over Monkeyville, and poor Jacko thought he was never to hear the last of it.

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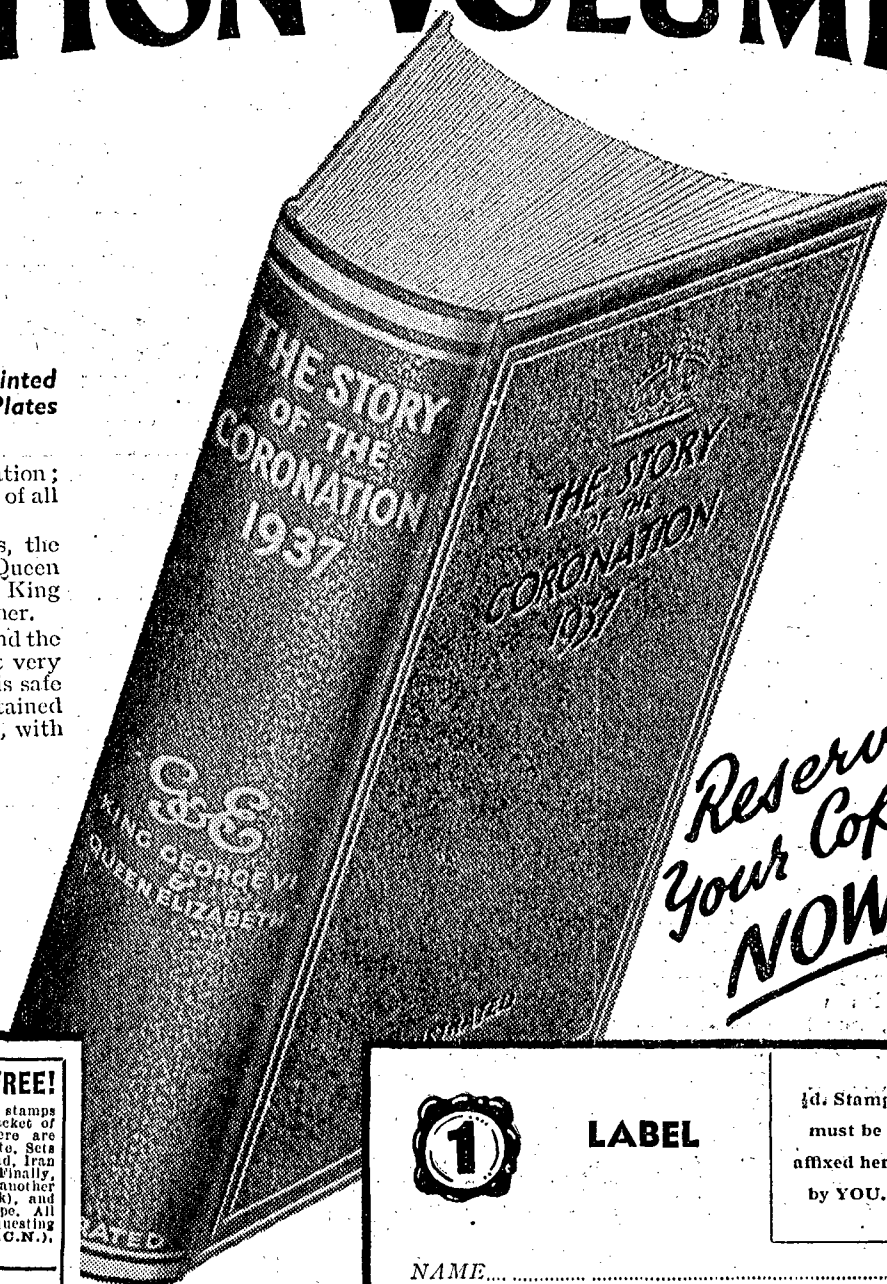
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The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

May 8, 1937

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

THE BRAN TUB

Arithmetical Problem

WHAT is the number of your house in High Street? asked Bob of Harry.

"If you add four times the number to twenty," replied Harry, "the result is the same as if you add seven times the number to five."

What is the number of Harry's house? Bob was able to tell him within 30 seconds.

Answer next week

A Seaside Tragedy

SAID a man on the pier, "I'm afraid my little pet dog I've mislaid. I left him alone drinking in the ozone, And over the edge he has strayed."

What They Are

A NATIVE of Annam is an Annamite; a man of Bengal is a Bengali; a Congo man is a Congolese; a Java native is a Javanese; an inhabitant of Kamchatka is a Kamchadal; and a native of the Philippines is a Filipino.

Ici on Parle Français



Le drapeau La rue La bannière
flag street banner
Comme les rues sont gaies, avec les drapeaux et les bannières flottantes!

How gay the streets are, with the flags and the streaming banners!

A Difficult Rhyme

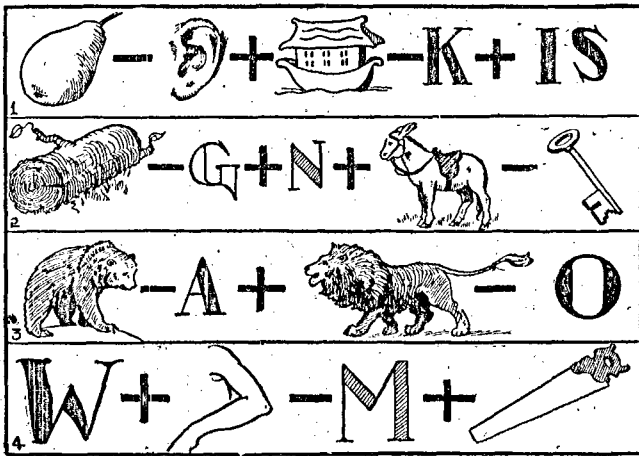
WINDOW is not an easy word with which to find a rhyme, but here is a verse which gives a fairly successful one:

Bold Robin Hood, that archer good,
Shot down fat buck and thin doe;
Rough storms withstood in thick greenwood,
Nor cared for door or window.

May-Dew

IN the old days May-dew, especially that collected on May Day, was considered to have special virtues. For one thing, the dew was held to be of great value as a cosmetic, and women were in the habit of collecting the precious drops and using them as a face wash. Walking with bare feet in the dewy grass in May was said to be good for the gout, and even

What Capitals Are These?



By adding and subtracting the letters shown or represented by the objects the name of a European capital will be revealed in each line above.

Answer next week

What Am I?

BLIND am I; blind was ever from my birth,
Yet have I eyes though I live in the earth:
And eyes that were never intended to see
You would think could not be of much service to me.
Of a family large and useful am I;
You bake us, you boil us, you roast, and you fry;
And, strangely enough, for the wonder increases,
If you wish to produce us you cut us in pieces!

Answer next week

Enigma

I GIVE permission, yet you'll find I'm problematical as well.
I am the name of many a maid.
If, in addition, I should tell That my brief hours are 744,
And that I'm blossom and a tree,
No doubt, with just a little thought,
You'll very quickly fathom me.

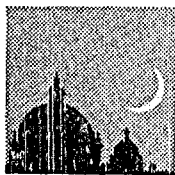
Answer next week

How the Camellia Got Its Name

THE Camellia family of plants were so named because they were brought to European notice by a Moravian Jesuit named Camellus, who collected plants in the Philippines. In China oil is squeezed from the seeds and used in place of olive oil, and the flowers of one variety are used for scenting tea.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Mars is in the South-East. In the morning Jupiter is in the South and Saturn and Venus low in the East. The picture shows the Moon at nine o'clock on Wednesday evening, Coronation Day, May 12.

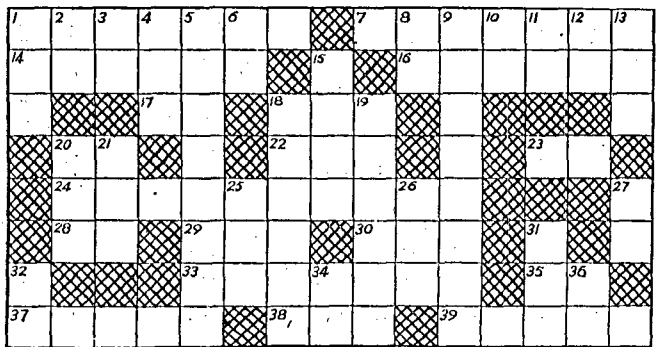


evening, Coronation Day, May 12.

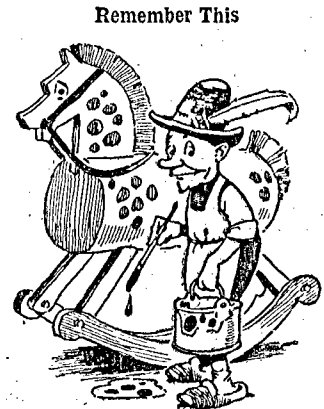
The CN Cross Word Puzzle

Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues below. Answer next week.

Reading Across. 1. The King will be thus honoured on May 12. 7. Insignia of Royalty used at the Coronation. 14. Provide with new chairs. 16. Motorless aeroplane. 17. Famous motor-cycle races. 18. Pulp. 20. Denotes contiguity. 22. Knight's title. 23. Royal monogram. 24. A ceremony in all our thoughts. 28. In the direction of. 29. Nothing. 30. Native mineral containing metal. 32. One who regards with approval. 35. The thing in question. 37. Magnificent. 38. A mean novel. 39. Unaccompanied.



Reading Down. 1. An utterance of grief. 2. Royal Engineers. 3. Outsize. 4. Soaked. 5. Peculiar to the country. 6. French for and. 8. For example. 9. In Biblical times these followed the harvesters. 10. Three-toed clove of South America. 11. Lord. 12. That is. 13. Skill. 15. Food to entice prey. 18. Sung in the Abbey. 19. A monastery. 20. To perform. 21. As well. 25. A bird makes this in France. 26. Same as 30 across. 27. His Majesty. 32. Heraldic term for gold. 34. Pronoun. 36. Trade Union.



Remember This

WHEN about to paint a rocking-horse
The thing to bear in mind, of course,
Is freely to use, without restraint,
The finest brand of spotted paint.

This Week in Nature

ONE of our beautiful moths now on the wing is the Emperor. The general colouring of male and female is very similar, but the male has a richer tone. The wings are pearly-grey, mottled with brown, dark grey, and chestnut. On each of the wings is an eye-like spot of black encircled by rings of buff and black, and dark crimson and violet.

What Happened On Your Birthday

May 9. Sir James Barrie born 1860
10. Louis XV died. 1774
11. Justinian the Great born 483
12. Dante Gabriel Rossetti born in London. 1828
13. Cuvier died in Paris. 1832
14. Henry IV of France assassinated. 1610
15. Ephraim Chambers, publisher, died. 1740

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Jumbled Seas, Mediterranean, North, Bering, Caspian, Timor, Baltic.

Lewis Carroll's Anagram Puzzle. Now, I think. No, with ink. With no kin. Hint, I know. Think I won.

Word Diamond

A N T A
U N T I C
A I L
C

By Numbers. Lion, viper, ox, cat.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Model Plane

UNCLE DICK, who was an airman, had sent John a splendid model plane.

Daddy promised that on Saturday they should go up to the Common and give the plane its trial flight.

Saturday came at last, a clear, sunny day, with a slight breeze. John held his treasure very carefully across his knees, and an old gentleman on the opposite seat asked if he might look at it. As he handed the precious plane over John told him all about Uncle Dick.

The old gentleman said he supposed John was going to be an airman when he grew up, and John said "Rather!"

There were lots of boys flying models on the Common. John's behaved beautifully. Daddy showed him how to hold it facing the wind to start off. It soared high into the sky, and circled and glided in the smoothest fashion. It alighted most gracefully, too, and did not fall bump on its nose, as some of the others did.

John felt very proud when two big boys from his school stopped their own flying and came up to watch. He allowed them to fly the new plane, and everyone agreed it was a splendid model.

Presently Daddy held up his head and said: "We must be careful. The wind is rising."

Then John let the plane go again. Up, up, it went, higher even than before; then turned, and made off across the Common.

Away went Daddy and John after it, their faces turned up to the sky. Right to the edge of the Common, across the road, and over the tall tree-tops of the wood beyond, quite out of sight, went the little plane.

"Oh, Daddy!" gasped John. "It's gone! What-ever shall we do?"

Daddy shook his head. "It looks like flying for miles," he said. "All we can do is to put a notice in our local paper, I'm afraid."

They caught the next bus home, and after a sad tea Daddy brought out his writing-pad to write the notice for the paper.

Suddenly there came a knock at the door.

To their astonishment there stood the old gentleman they had met in the bus, and in his hands was John's model aeroplane!

"I found it quite undamaged on the middle of my lawn," he explained. "What a good thing you had put your name and address on it," he added, with a smile, "or I should never have known whose it was."

Kitchen Wisdom



Use BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER and become a Good Cook.

There is no more valuable hint for making successful pastry, cakes and puddings than this:—Use plain flour and Borwick's Baking Powder. Different recipes need different amounts of "raising" and by using Borwick's with plain flour you can regulate the quantity according to the recipe. Unless you follow this golden rule, you cannot get the light delicious results that professional cooks get. They use plain flour and Borwick's.

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The Best in the World

FREE SAMPLE

Send a post card for a Free Sample of **Lingfords Iodized Liver Salts**, the new and better health salts, which give "seaside good health" all the year round. Sweetened in tins, unsweetened in bottles. Joseph Lingford and Son Ltd., Dept. Ch.N. Bishop Auckland, Co. Durham, U.S.A. 1937

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For Every 2/- we receive we can give a very poor East End boy or girl 12 hours by the sea. **HOW MANY MAY WE HAVE THE JOY OF SENDING ON YOUR BEHALF?** Please reply, with remittance, to The Rev. Percy Ineson, Superintendent, —EAST END MISSION— Central Hall, Bromley St., Commercial Rd., Stepney, E.1

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● An Ancient Island Kingdom, full of glamour and romance, abounding with unusual sights and scenes. There are hosts of unique things besides horse-drawn trams and cats without tails, though you may not have heard of them. For an endless round of entertainment, too, and best value obtainable, join the half-million who have already made this 1937 holiday resolution: **I MUST GO TO THE ISLE OF MAN THIS YEAR.**

PRINCIPAL EVENTS: R.A.C. International Light Car Race, June 2. London to Isle of Man Air Race, May 29. Manx Air Derby, May 31. 100 Guineas Open Bowling Tournament at Douglas, June 14 to 19. Tourist Trophy Motor Cycle Races, June 14, 16 and 18. International Bicycle T.T. Race, June 24. Ancient Tynwald Ceremony (World's Oldest Open-Air Parliament), July 5. Highland Gathering, July 19. Manx Grand Prix Motor Cycle Road Races, Sept. 7 and 9.

ISLE OF MAN FOR HAPPY HOLIDAYS

Full particulars of air and boat services, train times, hotels, boarding-houses, apartments, etc., on application free from Tourist Agents and Station Masters, or G.I. Clague, Publicity Department, Isle of Man, or 191 Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London (open Easter to September).

